

# THE DIAL

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# THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

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## CONTENTS.

|  | PAGE |
|--|------|
| ON THE EATING OF FERNSEED. <i>Charles Leonard Moore</i> . . . . .  | 591  |
| LITERARY AFFAIRS IN PARIS. (Special Paris Correspondence.) <i>Theodore Stanton</i> . . . . .   | 593  |
| The Holiday Book Season.—Literature's Losses in the Great War.—Periodicals in the Trenches.—M. Paul Fort, the "Prince of Poets."   |      |
| CASUAL COMMENT . . . . .   | 596  |
| One of war's ugliest by-products.—The fate of "Notes and Queries."—Perplexing problems for the cataloguer.—The Shakespeare tercentenary.—The history of a Lincoln manuscript.—Romance outdone by reality.—Staircase wit.—A "National Book Fortnight."—Carnegie Institution publications.—The Austrian Index Librorum Prohibitorum.—"Old Nassau."—Bibles and bombs.—A new suggestion in library-building. |      |
| COMMUNICATIONS . . . . .   | 601  |
| Shakespeare and the New Psychology. <i>S. A. Tannenbaum</i> .  |      |
| A Strange Visitor in "The City of Dreadful Night." <i>Benj. M. Woodbridge</i> .  |      |
| Books in Japan. <i>Ernest W. Clement</i> .   |      |
| An Interesting Prophecy. <i>Alfred M. Brooks</i> .   |      |
| EXEGI MONUMENTUM; RUPERT BROOKE. <i>Charles H. A. Wager</i> . . . . .  | 605  |
| THE FEDERATION OF THE WORLD. <i>T. D. A. Cockerell</i> . . . . .   | 609  |
| MAGIC CHARMS AND JEWELS. <i>Helen A. Clarke</i> . . . . .  | 610  |
| HISTORY AS IT IS POPULARIZED. <i>Isaac Joslin Cox</i> . . . . .  | 612  |
| THE STORIED BUILDINGS OF VIRGINIA. <i>Fiske Kimball</i> . . . . .  | 614  |
| RECENT FICTION. <i>Edward E. Hale</i> . . . . .  | 615  |
| HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS—III. . . . .  | 618  |
| Biography and Reminiscences.—Travel and Description.—Art and Music.—Miscellaneous.   |      |
| NOTES . . . . .  | 624  |
| LIST OF NEW BOOKS . . . . .  | 625  |

## ON THE EATING OF FERNSEED.

Probably most of us have speculated on the advantages of being invisible. Mr. Wells has written a novel around the idea (around what odd idea has he not written a novel?), in which the blessedness of the state is not very apparent. To people of literary or artistic turn, however, a twilight condition of life seems almost a necessity. The butterfly's emblazoning dust brushes off against the hard hand of reality. Authors and artists have almost always preluded on some Magic Flute, even if afterwards they took up the ear-shattering trumpet that calls to strife. And their days of obscurity were probably their happiest, though they did not know it at the time. A king who goes about incognito is perhaps more pleased with himself than when he is glittering in his court; and he is certainly a more potent figure to the imagination.

It is not necessary to go back "where Homer and where Orpheus are" to find great writers who passed their whole lives or a great part of their days in eclipse. What is now known about Virgil? A few scraps of biography we have, and one or two incidents touched with human interest,—the reading of the passage about Marcellus to Augustus and the wish he expressed to have his epic burned, —but otherwise the man is unilluminated. He moves majestic and mysterious, remote from the world in which he lived. Horace, that merry gossip, about whom we know everything, was his friend. There is no assumption of superiority or unlikeness to his fellows in Virgil; he was simply an eater of fernseed, and could not become visible to them. Perhaps that is why the Middle Ages accounted him a magician, and why Dante chose him as a guide to the other worlds.

But we have a nearer and greater instance of the eclipse of personality in Shakespeare. The odiously incredulous have denied that there was any such personality, or have sought to transfer it to another. On the other hand, critics have tried to piece out Shakespeare's character from the plays. It is probable that all creative artists do use

themselves as a model. Like Rembrandt, they keep a wardrobe of costumes and accessories,—helmets, swords, robes, and what not. When they wish to paint a certain sort of person, they don his habiliments and think themselves into his skin. But such vicarious enacting does not deeply dye their own beings. From the largeness of thought, vividness of emotion, and generosity of feeling throughout Shakespeare's works, one may believe that he was a noble gentleman. Beyond this it would hardly be safe to go. But, it may be said, have we not the record of an episode of his life in the Sonnets? Perhaps! Personally, I should as soon think of going to market with the pieces of silver which the moon shining through a poplar tree coins upon the path at my feet, as to take literally and prosaically the words that any lyric poet utters in the whirl of his emotion and imagination. He is like a Dancing Dervish who loses his own consciousness in the eternal. Doubtless he gets his start from some particular experience, but it is his business to forget himself and reveal the universal. But, at any rate, Shakespeare's individuality is obscure; yet he, too, like Virgil, lived in a gossiping and malicious age.

There is nothing uncertain about Milton. With Æschylus, Dante, Goethe, and Byron, he is one of the leaders of that other army of genius, whose personalities dazzle the world and dominate their times. But unlike most of these, he did not leap to the forefront of the struggle at once. For a good many years, in Italy or in Buckinghamshire, immersed in study and the strenuous idleness of dreams, he passed through a quiet paradise before emerging into his inferno. Doubtless the energy in him even then struggled against the obscurity that smothered up his godship from surmise. Doubtless to his classic thought he was Apollo among the servants of King Admetus. But he was happy; at least, the poems of that period,—the "Comus," the portraits of the bright and pensive Muses, the odes,—though grave, are happy. It may be questioned if he ever knew happiness again. Of course the heroic struggler, scarred and defaced by intellectual battle, is the greater figure; of course the heroic epics and drama of his later life are the greater poetry; but nevertheless, we do not like him or them half as well.

Keats's apprenticeship to obscurity lasted until death gave him his freedom papers. And toward the close of his life this obscurity was darkened by a perfect cloud of arrows directed against him,—arrows of disease, of unfortunate love, of critical imbecility. Yet from it all he emerges the very image of youth and genius. Hardly any literary figure symbolizes these things as he does. His was the ecstasy of the fernseed life. He could live undisturbed with the visions of his own mind,—fairies, nymphs, goddesses; he could consort with gay and irresponsible companions; he could be confident of the future and careless of the day. His jaunts and junketings, his middle-class life in suburban parlors, struck Matthew Arnold as undignified. Horace's poet who could go singing through a wood filled with robbers was probably undignified in comparison with a Roman Senator travelling with the impedimenta of place and riches,—but he is more attractive.

Keats's mantle, slipping off, fell at once upon Tennyson; and for many years, twenty at least, the latter lived much the same sort of life as his predecessor. His education was better, and his family and friends were, according to English ideas, of a higher class than those of Keats. But Tennyson was apparently quite poor, often in real straits. Charles Eliot Norton reports on Carlyle's authority that FitzGerald allowed him three hundred pounds a year for many years. But there is certainly no trace of such incredible riches during his *Wanderjahre*. However, the record of this has never been fully drawn out. Apparently he wandered over the most of England, living in lodgings or in country inns or in friends' houses; settling now and then with his mother and sisters in retired places. His removed and solitary ways, his "grumpiness," his carelessness about dress, his absent-mindedness about other affairs of life, are all up to the best traditions of the fernseed world. Once the fate of "In Memoriam" hung upon Coventry Patmore's rescue of the manuscript from a lodging-house where Tennyson had left it. It was a rich twilight region of romance that the poet inhabited, where Marianas could really look from moated granges and Millers' Daughters rise out of the misty atmosphere of their homes. When Tennyson comes out into the common light of day, when he grows famous and rich, when



princes and statesmen and bishops are his friends, the charm departs from his life, as it did to a large extent from his poetry. Yet to the last he remained the soldier of art, encamped amid his army of dreams, apart from the world. Could he have had his own way, we should know as little about his life or personality as we do about Shakespeare's.

But I think the most signal instance of the fernseed life of which we have record is that of the Brontë girls in their Yorkshire parsonage. A pillar of cloud hung over their home; they were almost as much isolated as if shipwrecked on a desert island. But what spiritual joys, what quiet exultations, must have been experienced in that household! The whole genesis of creative art is in those imaginative "plays" which they worked out together or each one secretly by herself. One of the sisters got out a little into the world, met with disappointment and sorrow which she bravely overlived and made into art. The greatest of them remained alone and aloof,—kept tryst only with the phantoms of her mind. She is the priestess of imagination,—a Sibyl transported from Dodona to her Yorkshire moors. Remarkable or great as the work of these two is, it is less regarded by the world than the record of their lives. And rightly, for this latter brings out in the most intense and extreme degree the truth of Goethe's saying that "talent is nurtured best in solitude."

There are some men of genius who, do what they will, can never make themselves explicable or plain to the world. They are born invisibilities who may knock and flutter at the windows of our souls without gaining admittance. De Quincey, for example, lived among a set of men who were continually writing about themselves or each other. He was perhaps the greatest gossip of the group. He made "copy" about everything that happened to him or everyone he came in contact with. His opium-eating confessions made him for a time the most stared-at person in England. Yet with all this, there is an inviolable secrecy about him. We never seem to get at the real man. Perhaps he was a changeling,—some elf-child may have been imposed into the human baby's cradle. Hawthorne is another of the mysterious ones. He, too, by means of diaries, note-books, records of travel, novels written around incidents in his life sought to

explicate himself to mankind. But at most he only shows clear by flashes,—like those twin stars, dark and bright, which revolve about one another.

Keats suggests in one of his letters that genius ought not to have any personality at all,—that it ought to be merely a medium through which the world exhibits itself. But the dazzling ones, the men of action and art together, the Angelos, Rubenses, Goethes, and Byrons, are geniuses too,—so that law will hardly hold. Probably, though, the balance of great work is with the fernseed eaters,—the creators who exist only in their art.

Perhaps in the future genius may push the invisibility idea farther than it has done in the past. It may disguise itself by being like everybody else. It may be a Burgess, may vote and be voted for. Meanwhile, in secrecy, in uncriticized seclusion, it may work out the documents of its fate, the title-deeds of its fame. These it may hide as though they were offences against mankind, until it dies, when it may leave them to be given posthumously to the world. Thus the artist will have all the fun of creation, and will not be hampered and hounded by the stupidity, hatred, and malice of his fellows. It is a fair ideal; and, if it had been put into execution in the past, would have saved very many of the greatest of human beings the larger part of their pain and suffering.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

#### LITERARY AFFAIRS IN PARIS.

THE HOLIDAY BOOK SEASON.—LITERATURE'S LOSSES IN THE GREAT WAR.—PERIODICALS IN THE TRENCHES.—M. PAUL FORT, THE "PRINCE OF POETS."

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

The holiday season for the publishing and bookselling world of Paris will be very different this year, as it was also last year, from what is ordinarily the case. As a rule, fine new gift-books are issued by many of the leading houses, and old but favorite authors are given the place of honor in show-windows. The principal dailies and reviews contain not only conspicuous book advertisements but also columns and sometimes whole broadsides of critical and descriptive notices, in disguised form, really written by some member of the firm and paid for at so much the line. In the holiday season of 1914-15 there was a great falling off in all these things. Some of the smaller houses—publishers, booksellers,

and printers—actually closed their doors, and not a few of these are still shut. But the situation this year is not quite so bad as it was last year, though it is far from being normal. These facts are well brought out by the special catalogue devoted to gift-books which the Paris Publishers' Club issues each winter at about this time. That for 1913-14—the holiday season before the war—contained 356 pages; 4600 copies were printed; 1500 francs' worth of copies were sold; over 13,000 francs' worth of advertisements were inserted; seventy-three publishing houses were represented, and thirty-three periodicals printed therein their paid prospectuses. In 1914-15—that is, four months after the breaking out of the war—the number of pages of the catalogue had fallen to 119, only twenty-nine publishers participated, and but three periodicals felt able to advertise their existence. As I write this letter, the edition for this year is still in press; so I have not been able to continue this interesting comparison. But the secretary of the club informs me that it will contain some forty pages more than last year, which, however, will leave it nearly two hundred pages short of what it was before the war. Of course this falling off is due in a measure to the fact that the public is spending its money now almost wholly on the necessities of life, and is not indulging in the buying of books. It is also to be partly accounted for by the effects of mobilization and the wounding and killing of so many of the younger generation. I have been struck by the number of printers seen in the hospitals. The head of the Hachette publishing house said to me a month ago: "One of the things that seems to characterize the present struggle is the terrible mortality on the battle field. So far we have had fifty-four killed among our employés. In the war of 1870 we did not lose one. A friend of mine also in the publishing business has nine employés in the army. Five have been killed and four wounded. You see me back in harness again, though I retired several years ago." A sign, however, of returning prosperity is seen in the renewed activity among the *bouquinistes* along the parapet of the Quai Voltaire. At the moment of the battle of the Marne all their little boxes had the lids down and the contents removed to safer quarters. But the other afternoon when I passed that way, I noticed that almost all of them are now open again, and the same old *habitués* once more loitering over possible "finds."

But a more permanent cause of the crippling of the publishing activities of France

will be the cruel destruction which this war has occasioned among the young writers in every field of authorship, cut down often on the very threshold of their promise. This fact was brought home in a most touching way on All-Saints'-Day, at the beginning of this month, by the action of writers who form the society known as the *Souvenir Littéraire*, whose aim, the constitution reads, is "to render homage to the memory of men of letters and especially to those who have been unjustly neglected." Artistic Paris always lends itself wonderfully to the artistic French temperament,—if the word "art" may be used in connection with the subject which I am now treating; and never was this more so than on this occasion. M. Olivier de Gourcuff, the talented founder of this admirable organization, was most happily inspired when he chose as the spot where the gray-haired living authors of Paris should honor their youthful confrères fallen in the defence of this same Paris, the head of the grand central alley of Père Lachaise cemetery, where, with Bartholomé's powerful funeral allegories—the "Monument aux Morts"—forming the immediate background, a solemn, patriotic tribute was paid to the more than one hundred and fifty rising writers now lost forever to literature. How fitting indeed was the frame for such a ceremony! As one walked up this avenue to the rendezvous, one remarked on either hand brilliant reminders of the intellectual grandeur of France, for there are the tombs of Visconti the architect, Sainte-Beuve and Francisque Sarcey the critics, Couture and Paul Baudry the painters, Victor Cousin and Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire the philosophers, Arago the astronomer, Ledru-Rollin the orator, Arsène Houssaye the typical *littérateur*, and his son Henri Houssaye the historian, and last but of course not least, Alfred de Musset, the leaves of whose weeping-willow were still green, I noted, notwithstanding the sharp night air and the day mists of autumn. The spirit which pervaded the spot was so well expressed the next day by the poet Robert Lestrange, one of the actors in the scene—his wife delivered in his name with marked talent a poem written for the occasion—that I cannot give a better description than by quoting here what he said to me:

"It is certain that this hecatomb will cause a terrible gap in the heart of our young literature, for many a youthful and brilliant hope is thus blasted in its very flower. But we mourn them with a grief in which a certain feeling of pride is mingled, for they have written with their blood a most beautiful page of glory and they have shown

themselves pure heroes. Yet it must not be concluded that French letters are in consequence irremediably impaired. For my own part, I believe that after the war will rise up among those who are left a pleiad of writers strongly tempered in the virile school of adversity, those who, whether young or old, will have lived through these never-to-be-forgotten hours and who will surely be prepared to produce the finest works which can be conceived and executed. Iliads have inspired Homers, and Æschylus was a soldier at Marathon. This is the ransom of the fearful holocaust which the young literature of France must sacrifice to the ferocious German Moloch."

And here are the names of some of these victims which I select almost at hazard in the long sad list, led in my selection more by the family name than by the fame or the number of the dead author's writings. Here I meet again with Ernest Psichari, whom I first met, not so many years ago, as a bright young boy of scarcely eighteen,—the grandson of Renan; Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu, whose father and uncle, now dead, were both members of the Institute; Guy de Cassagnac, son of the once famous Bonapartist deputy; Claude Casimir-Périer, son of the former President of France; Jacques Rambaud, son of the historian of Russia; Jean Maspéro, related to the great Egyptologist, Georges Latapie, son of the director of "La Liberté," and Robert d'Humières, descended from the marshal of that name, one of the favorites of Louis XIV.

Most of these names appear in the little four-page "Bulletin des Ecrivains" which M. Fernand Divoire, of the "Intransigeant" editorial staff, has been editing for the past year. The aim of this diminutive monthly is excellent. A copy is sent gratis to all writers at the front; it keeps standing at the head of its first page a list of all those who are killed in battle or who die of wounds or sickness, it gives prominence to any military honors which they may have received, it provides a list of authors in the enemies' prisons, and is useful in many other ways to the man of letters on the firing-line. In the latest number sent me by M. Divoire I read this notice: "As printed matter is no longer allowed to circulate postage free to the front, and as there is a constant demand for copies of our periodical, our expenses have considerably increased. We are now disposed, therefore, to accept financial aid from writers in civil life, several of whom have already helped us. But we repeat once more that we will not accept money from writers in the army." Would it not be a handsome thing if some of our American literary men and authors' clubs were to contribute to this admirable work, whose issues, I should add, are not on sale?

If any of your readers wish to aid, they may send their contributions through me or direct to M. Divoire, 16 rue Bertin-Poirée, Paris.

That there is a strong literary element in the French trenches is shown in still another way, and one that is not tragic but is even touched with a note of Gallic gaiety. A few months ago it was estimated that over sixty "newspapers" were issued by soldiers at the front. In fact, an energetic publisher, whose name—M. Berger-Levrault—I have already had occasion to mention in connection with this war literature, has just issued a curious volume, "Tous les Journaux du Front," (3 frs.), in which he gives facsimile extracts from twenty of these papers, which are sometimes printed back of the firing-line but are often hand-made in the very trenches themselves. The publisher announces that other volumes will follow. This one is interesting in many ways, and is a worthy example of native French wit, which if sometimes broad is always pointed. The names of two or three of these sheets will suffice to illustrate this fact. "Rigolboche," "Le Tourne-Boche," "La Voix du 75," and "L'Echo des Marmites," are not too bad. Nor should we overlook the more serious tone which pervades the mind of all these military journalists, and which is well exemplified by this extract from a letter which I have just received from Lieutenant Stéphane Lauzanne, editor-in-chief of the Paris "Matin" and nephew of de Blowitz—perhaps I may also add, whose wife is an American—which he writes in English from the front: "We are quite prepared to pass the winter and the spring, and another winter and other springs if necessary 'pour avoir les Boches.' In fact, we have never been as determined as we are now. There is no doubt about the issue. We will gain at last, and civilization will gain with us."

Another literary enterprise which should recommend itself to our men of letters is M. Paul Fort's "Poèmes de France," a neat little four-page sheet issued twice a month and sent gratis to the intellectuals at the front and in the hospitals. Each number is made up of a series of patriotic poems written in the best style of the "Prince of Poets," and which Guitry and Suzanne Després have been reciting everywhere in France, the latter carrying the good word even into distant Finland. But perhaps I should open a parenthesis here and say a few words about M. Paul Fort and his rather peculiar literary title.

Those of your readers who would know more thoroughly the work of this original and brilliant poet should consult the article by Mr. Edmund Gosse in "The Edinburgh Re-



view" for last July, on "War Poetry in France," wherein the writer devotes special attention to these "Poèmes de France," which he places first among the verse in this country called forth by the present conflict. But a more complete article, which is wholly given up to M. Fort's poetry, if we except these "Poèmes de France," came out in the January number of "The Nineteenth Century and After,"—"Paul Fort, the 'Prince of Poets,'" by James Elroy Flecker.

And this brings me to the explanation of a title which seems somewhat incongruous in the republic of letters in republican France. Some years ago "La Plume" and the "Echo de Paris" took the initiative in inviting the writers of France to designate their favorite poet. Some acted on the suggestion, and the poet thus specified was called the "Prince of Poets." He held office for life. The first incumbent was Paul Verlaine, who was followed by Stéphane Mallarmé, who in turn was succeeded by Léon Dierx, who died in 1912. The last named I knew. He had the head of Leconte de Lisle as represented in the bust in the Luxembourg garden. He led a most austere life, his food being almost exclusively milk in the closing years of his existence. His plain little flat in the region of Montmartre seemed chill even in summer, and he himself was exceedingly reserved. But perhaps the oddest thing in Léon Dierx's career was that, as "Prince of Poets," he should have been sandwiched in between two such eccentrics as Verlaine and Mallarmé on the one hand and, on the other, by Paul Fort, who enjoys breaking over all the conventional rules governing poetry approved by this earnest advocate of classic forms. But the election which designated Paul Fort had a broader basis perhaps than any of its predecessors. Some two thousand or more writers from all parts of France took part in the choice, which was conducted by such Paris papers as "Gil Blas," "Comœdia," "l'Intransigeant," and the "Paris-Journal," each one of which was represented in the office of the first-named journal when the votes were counted. "So while I do not at all over-estimate the importance of the office," M. Fort says very modestly, "I do feel that the electorate which designated me was fairly representative."

I would like to try and depict the personality and the intellectual methods and qualities of Paul Fort, with his thick jet black hair cut square at the ends, capped with a heavy dark felt hat with broad brim and framed below with a sombre neckhandkerchief which hides the shirt front and leaves visible only a thin rim of the white of the collar, and all

this encircling an olive-colored face with piercing black eyes, the whole recalling one of those heads seen in Florence in the Renaissance. As he comes forward rapidly to greet you at his favorite rendezvous, La Closerie des Lilas—what a poetic name for a café!—in the Boulevard du Montparnasse—and what a fitting locality!—more than one stranger there looks up and follows with his eye for some time this uncommon figure. I would like to repeat here some of his expositions of his technique and explanations of his peculiar forms and ways of composition, but I have space left only to announce that these really notable "Poèmes de France" are soon to be given a less fugitive dress, for on December 15 they are to appear in book form (Paris, Payot, 3 frs. 50), under the auspices of M. Anatole France. In fact the distinguished academician has given me permission to offer you his prefatory word before it has been printed here in the original French. It will suffice as an appreciation, from a peculiarly competent pen, of Paul Fort as a poet.

"I have not waited, my dear fellow-author, the advice of friends to read your 'Poèmes de France.' From the first number to the sixth, I am acquainted with these lyric war bulletins which should be engraved on tablets of bronze. I have admired their force and beauty and their eloquence, now familiar, now sublime, rough sometimes but always true and profound. You are a poet, you are a natural one. With you an idea is a spontaneous creation. It is born with its form like the works of nature. Your poems will live for the eternal opprobrium of Germany and the glory of France."

I may add that the set of these sheets may be obtained from M. Fort at 125 Boulevard Saint-Germain, 6 francs for the twenty-four numbers covering the first year, December 1, 1914,—November 15, 1915. The second year begins with the number for December 1, and the issues will continue every fortnight.

THEODORE STANTON.

Paris, Nov. 25, 1915.

#### CASUAL COMMENT.

ONE OF WAR'S UGLIEST BY-PRODUCTS, as has often been noted, is the submersion of reason and intellect in the flood-tide of popular passions. Mr. Galsworthy employed this theme to fine dramatic purpose in his tragedy entitled "The Mob," based on English feeling during the South African war. But in no conflict of the past has this sinister phenomenon ever attained the force and ascendancy that it has reached to-day in every belligerent country. The military rowdies who lately broke up a



meeting of the Union for Democratic Control in London merely typify the present spirit of Europe as manifested toward every individual who refuses to surrender his intellectual birth-right and join the general hue and cry. Mr. Bernard Shaw has remarked of his war writings that "the British merely spit and gibe at me when they read the first sentence and find that it does not flatter the intolerable self-righteousness which has been our bane from the first day of this war." The same attitude is apparent in the German treatment of Dr. Liebknecht, and the French treatment of M. Rolland. The latter, driven to Switzerland by the insults and abuse of his fellow-countrymen, recently collected into a volume entitled "*Au-dessus de la Mêlée*" the papers published during the past year and a half in which he has nobly but vainly pleaded for the highest ideals of humanity. To this volume M. Rolland has prefixed an Introduction which cannot be too widely quoted, and which will be its own excuse for the space we give it here. (For the translation, we are indebted to the New York "Times.")

"A great people assailed by war has not only its frontiers to defend; it has its reason and conscience. It is imperative to save them from the hallucinations and the unjust and foolish notions that the plague of war lets loose. To each his office! Let the armies protect the soil of the country; let thinking men watch over her thoughts. If these last place themselves at the service of the passions of their people, possibly they may be useful instruments; but they risk betraying the soul, which is not the smallest part of the national patrimony. Some day history will cast up the account of each of the nations in this war; she will weigh the sum of their mistakes, illusions, malignant folly. Let us do our utmost to insure that when we come before her our score may be small.

"We teach a child the Gospel of Jesus and the Christian ideal. All the instruction he receives at school tends to stimulate in him the intellectual conception of the great human family. Classical education makes him observe, together with the differences of races, the common roots and trunk of our civilization. Art causes him to love the deep sources of the genius of the nations. Science imposes upon him faith in the unity of the intellectual life. The great social movement which is making the world over shows him around himself the organized effort of the working classes to unite in the hopes and in the struggles which are breaking national barriers down. The most luminous geniuses of the world sing, as Walt Whitman and Tolstoy do, universal fraternity in joy or sorrow, or, like our Latin intellects, riddle with their criticism the prejudices of hate and ignorance which separate individuals and nations.

"Like all the men of my time, I have been nourished on these ideals; I have tried in my turn to

share the bread of life with my younger and less fortunate brethren. When war came I did not believe it my duty to renounce them because the hour for putting them in practice had arrived. I have been treated outrageously. I knew that I should be; but I did not know that I should be treated so without even being listened to.

"I place before the eyes of every one the utterances which have been attacked. I do not defend them. Let them be their own defense.

"I will add only one word. Within the last year I have found myself very rich in enemies. I have this to say to them: they may hate me; they will not succeed in making me hate them. My business is not with them. My task is to speak the words which I see to be just and humane. Whether that pleases or irritates is no concern of mine. I know that the words once spoken will make their own way. I sow them in a soil drenched with blood. I have full confidence in the harvest."

• • •

THE FATE OF "NOTES AND QUERIES" still hangs in the balance. Suffering like many other periodicals from the withering blight now afflicting all the world, and Europe especially, this variously useful and curiously entertaining publication has found itself straitened so seriously as to render its continued existence a matter of doubt, though the latest tidings from its editor give hope of continuance, but perhaps under other and it may be less favorable auspices. That is, it may be forced to migrate from its familiar haunts at the Athenæum Press to new and less congenial surroundings. Of course it desires to remain where it is. "Whether this shall prove possible," writes its editor to the London "Times," "depends upon the amount of practical financial aid which can be brought together for the purpose. We can but commend the case to the literary men and general readers to whose service—as its title sets forth—'Notes and Queries' was originally dedicated." From the same authoritative source we learn that the periodical was started on the third day of November, 1849, by William John Thoms, who a few months before had written to "The Athenæum" a letter asking the editor to open his columns for the collecting of miscellaneous items of the sort now known as "folklore," a word invented by Mr. Thoms and there used for the first time. It was largely the cordial response to this suggestion that decided its author to launch his now famous publication upon the stormy sea that makes shipwreck of so many similar ventures. But this craft rode the waves triumphantly from the first; it engaged at once the interest and aid of some of the foremost scholars of the time, and for sixty-six years its good fortune has not deserted it.

Its plan and scope made it appeal to both the serious-minded and the frivolous, to the scholar interested in the genuineness of the signatures to Charles the First's death warrant, and to the casual inquirer into the origin of the term "pot-walloper." It has contributed notably to the making of "The English Dialect Dictionary," "The Dictionary of National Biography," and the still uncompleted "Oxford Historical Dictionary." With so honorable a record behind it, and so fair a field of usefulness before it, "Notes and Queries" should have all the support it now asks for in its time of distress.

PERPLEXING PROBLEMS FOR THE CATALOGUER are of every-day occurrence in any large library, and among them is the recurrent question whether a given volume—often it may be a gift to the library, and it may take the form of a musty collection of pamphlets unsystematically bound together—is worth the careful analytical cataloguing imposed by modern rules. To leave the volume uncatalogued is practically to discard it from the library, which would grievously offend the donor, if it be a gift, and in any case would seem to the cataloguer an unpardonable dereliction; but to catalogue it properly—and no alipshod work is to be tolerated in the modern American library—might require a day's work, or even two days' work, and the writing of a hundred or more cards. It is the special library, oftener than the ordinary public library, that has to confront situations of this sort. Mr. Frederick Warren Jenkins, of the Russell Sage Foundation Library, gives us in his current Report a hint of what it means to catalogue such a collection. He says: "Even on a conservative basis, fine analytics and many cards are necessary in the catalogue of the special library. As example: the number of cards made for four small sets may illustrate: For the United States Report on Condition of Woman and Child Wage-Earners in 19 volumes, 82 cards were made; for 4 volumes of the National Child Labor Committee publications, 375 cards; for 8 volumes of the Russell Sage Foundation pamphlet publications, 396 cards; and for 9 volumes of the New York State Charities Aid Association publications, 514 cards. A single book occasionally requires many cards to bring out its contents properly in the catalogue. The 'Child in the City,' published under the auspices of the Chicago Child Welfare Exhibit, required 88 cards, while for Kelynack's 'Defective Children' 82 cards were made. The number of analytics to be made is a difficult question to decide, and suggestions are always

welcome." It would be of some interest and perhaps also of some practical value to have reports from cataloguers on their highest record for cards required by single volumes and by series or sets. Useful suggestions might accompany these reports.

THE SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY, planned for next April, when three hundred years will have passed since the poet's death, should be a nation-wide if not a world-wide success, unless the energies of the Drama League of America to that end have been misdirected. Shakespeare's own country seems likely to be engaged at that time in a sterner business than the presentation of pageants and the glorification of the Elizabethan age—the more's the pity!—and there is hence the greater reason why our people should exert themselves to signalize the occasion. In "Bulletin No. 2" issued by the Drama League are given all sorts of helpful suggestions for those planning Shakespeare celebrations; and generous offers of further aid and advice are made to all interested. Inquiries may be addressed to 736 Marquette Building, Chicago. On the subject of coöperation on the part of libraries, the Bulletin says that an extensive annotated bibliography and a similar smaller list are being prepared by the Library of Congress for the assistance of schools and clubs and societies planning celebrations, and continues: "In this connection the part to be played by libraries (to which many librarians are much alive) may be touched upon. Many will make a special feature of Shakespeare shelves and collections, providing in particular for the use of schools the collections recommended in the bibliographies referred to. Some (e. g., Boston) will have courses of lectures by specialists; some, exhibits of Shakespeareana." A national committee and a national memorial are among the interesting probabilities and possibilities touched upon in this notable Bulletin.

THE HISTORY OF A LINCOLN MANUSCRIPT is made public for the first time in the preface to a small book containing the lecture on "Discoveries and Inventions" which Lincoln delivered in a number of Illinois towns, including Springfield, a short time before his election to the presidency. Mr. John Howell of San Francisco now puts this interesting address between the covers of a book, and publishes a "memorandum" concerning it from the late Dr. Samuel H. Marvin, into whose possession the autograph manuscript had come in the following manner: "In the

month of February, 1861, being at that time a resident of Springfield, Illinois, I called one evening at the residence of my friend, Dr. John Todd. The doctor was an uncle of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. While there Mr. Lincoln came in, bringing with him a well-filled satchel, remarking as he set it down that it contained his literary bureau. Mr. Lincoln remained some fifteen or twenty minutes, conversing mainly about the details of his prospective trip to Washington the following week, and told us of the arrangements agreed upon for the family to follow him a few days later. When about to leave he handed the grip above referred to to Mrs. Grimsley, the only daughter of Dr. Todd, who was then a widow but who subsequently became the wife of Rev. Dr. John H. Brown, a Presbyterian minister located in Springfield, remarking as he did so that he would leave the bureau in her charge; that if he ever returned to Springfield he would claim it, but if not she might make such disposition of its contents as she deemed proper. A tone of indescribable sadness was noted in the latter part of the sentence." Five years later, after Dr. Melvin had taken part in escorting the dead President's body to his old home, he called again at Dr. Todd's, was reminded of what seemed to have been a presentiment on Lincoln's part that he should not return alive to Springfield, and was invited by Mrs. Grimsley to select any manuscript he liked from the satchel above mentioned. His choice was the lecture now published by permission of his son, Judge Henry A. Melvin of the California Supreme Court, who is the present owner of the manuscript.

ROMANCE OUTDONE BY REALITY is no new thing. An instance of inventive ingenuity that may make commonplace and wearisome the once amazing creations of Jules Verne's imagination is now claiming public attention—perhaps more attention than it will presently be found to have deserved. Mr. Nikola Tesla's alleged contrivance for projecting enormous volumes of electrical energy to a great distance without wires, and with unparalleled destructive effect, eclipses the wonders conceived by Mr. H. G. Wells in his earlier works of fiction, and makes tame that marvellous romance by Bulwer-Lytton, "The Coming Race," an astonishing piece of work in its day. Readers of F. Marion Crawford will recall the astounding things done with electricity by the hero of "With the Immortals." There, however, the vague and safe indefiniteness of fiction-writers' science left something to be desired in the way of con-

vincing verisimilitude, whereas if the above-named invention is anything more than a newspaper fiction we shall ere long have some authentic facts and figures; and if the tremendous effectiveness of this new scheme for coast-defence be all that is rumored, the toils and troubles of those now so busy with plans for military preparedness will have been, fortunately enough, so much misdirected energy. The command of a force so powerful as to make war an impossibility has long been the dream not only of romancers, but also of sober scientists—and it may still continue to be a dream, or on the other hand some such happy consummation as that depicted in the late Simon Newcomb's remarkable romance, "His Wisdom the Defender," is not entirely inconceivable or impossible.

...

STAIRCASE WIT, *l'esprit de l'escalier*, the apt repartee that comes to us too late, as we are going down the stairs, is possessed or may be acquired by almost everybody, whereas the flashing quickness of appropriate rejoinder that all would like to be masters of is something born with one and impossible to acquire later. Nevertheless, education can do something toward making a person fluent and graceful in conversation, and it can perhaps do still more toward giving him the mastery of a ready and skilful pen. Such, at least, seems to be the opinion of the writer of a rather curious little book that has just come to our attention. It is called "The Happy Phrase" and is further designated as "A Hand-Book of Expression for the Enrichment of Conversation, Writing, and Public Speaking." It is "compiled and arranged by Edwin Hamlin Carr," and further commends itself by bearing the imprint of the Putnam publishing house. A generous supply of short phrases for the three purposes indicated on the title-page is to be found in the compact little volume, though the advisability of their inclusion is not always beyond dispute. For instance, among the conversational phrases, "It is a beautiful piece of industrial accomplishment" may well be outside the unaided reach of the average person, but "Isn't that jolly!" and "A capital idea!" might safely be left to unassisted endeavor. For "Speech and Writing" the eye hits upon "An age crammed with war," "The policy of military unpreparedness," and "The patriotism of the common people," which have a certain timeliness; and among "Happy Combinations" we find "Exorbitant prices," "Rigid economy," "Hard facts," and "Shattered hopes," which also strike a responsive



chord. Mr. Carr believes his book to be a pioneer in its way, and in truth the volume does fill a niche that has hitherto been unoccupied.

...

A "NATIONAL BOOK FORTNIGHT," described as "a national campaign to widen the circle of book-buyers," was recently engineered with considerable success by the English Publishers' Association. During the two weeks from November 22 to December 4, the eve of the great book-buying season of the year, the London and provincial press printed daily columns of special book matter supplied by the Association and consisting of original articles by Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. A. C. Benson, and other well known writers; and classified lists of the season's books were included. An elaborate and imposing Christmas catalogue, specially prepared for this purpose, was distributed by the local book-sellers. "Although the war has not affected the book market so disastrously as many people anticipated," says the London "Times," "it has nevertheless added heavily to the handicap of an ancient trade which has been struggling against adverse circumstances for many years past. It has served also to emphasize the truth of the familiar words of Felix Dahn, who said: 'To write a book is a task needing only pen, ink, and paper; to print a book is rather more difficult, because genius often expresses itself illegally; to read a book is more difficult still, for one has to struggle with sleep. But to sell a book is the most difficult task of all.'"

...

CARNEGIE INSTITUTION PUBLICATIONS are properly valued and made good use of at most of the three hundred and twenty larger libraries where they are regularly received as gifts, twenty or thirty substantial volumes being thus sent yearly to each beneficiary. But now and then a library thus favored is found to be remiss either in promoting the usefulness of these gifts or in acknowledging them, or in both particulars; and such negligence brings its proper penalty in the dropping of that library's name from the list. The current Report of the President of the Institution devotes some space to this subject and to the general method observed in the sending out of its publications. With justice it is maintained that no such indiscriminate free distribution as is often requested by the unthinking is financially possible even to so well-endowed an association. "Its entire income would be insufficient to meet" such demands, declares the President. But, he adds a little later, "to meet the needs of

special societies and of individuals, as well as of certain establishments, like the British Museum, which quite rationally prefer to purchase publications instead of receiving them gratuitously, all of the Institution's publications are offered for sale at nominal prices, which are only just sufficient to cover the cost of bookmaking and transportation to purchasers." At present the Institution has on hand about 126,000 volumes of its publications, and the collection is valued at nearly \$237,000.

...

THE AUSTRIAN INDEX LIBRORUM PROHIBITORUM, one of the by-products of the great war, has been steadily increasing from the beginning, seventeen months ago, and is said now to include several hundred works, large and small. As samples of what is considered pernicious literature by the authorities at Vienna we quote the following titles from a late number of the "Amtsblatt," the official journal of the government: "Berlin to Bagdad: New Aims of Central European Politics," by Dr. von Wirdstettin; "My Adventures as Spy," by Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell; "The Life of Jean Jaurès" (author not given); "Para Pacem" (anonymous); "The Awakening," published by a patriotic Czech Association in Vienna; a postcard with the Pope's "Call to Peace" printed on the back. One of these books at least, Sir Robert Baden-Powell's spy adventures, is extremely interesting reading, as we chance to know; if the others are equal to it, the list is worth keeping for future use when an antidote to ennui is desired.

...

"OLD NASSAU," Princeton's famous song, comes into passing public notice at this time by reason of the death of its composer, Professor Karl A. Langlotz, of Trenton, N. J., at the age of eighty-two. He had in his day been professionally associated with many of the world's leading musicians and composers, and had formed one of the orchestra led by Wagner when "Lohengrin" was for the first time presented at Weimar. He held his famous Princeton melody in but light esteem, though fifty-four successive classes of Princetonians have sung it with enthusiasm and paid due tribute of honor to its composer. The words of the song were the inspiration of Harlan Page Peck, of the class of 1862, and there are few American college songs written by undergraduates that equal it in fame and age. Dr. Washington Gladden's well-known Williams song, "The Mountains"—both



words and music being his work—antedates "Old Nassau," as Dr. Gladden is a '59 man and the song was a student performance, as he has pleasantly related in his autobiography.

...

BIBLES AND BOMBS, linked in ironical partnership, are at present conspicuous among the products manufactured in and exported from this country, to the no inconsiderable profit of the manufacturers and exporters. That danger and death should create a demand for books of devotion is easy to understand; and that the countries now involved in war should be unable to supply this demand is not to be wondered at; but that the abnormal activity of the munitions-factories should tend to speed up the printing presses of the Bible-houses, with resultant profits of a magnitude not unwelcome to the latter, is a curious development out of the terrible tangle in which the whole world—moral, industrial, commercial, financial, social, and even religious—has become so inextricably involved. The sailing ships that used to clear from the port of Boston for heathen lands, with missionaries in the cabin and Bibles and Medford rum in the hold, were freighted incongruously enough; but a cargo of scriptures and shells is worse.

...

A NEW SUGGESTION IN LIBRARY-BUILDING comes from California, the pioneer State in more than one library movement. In the current quarterly issue of "News Notes of California Libraries" is printed a brief paragraph from a San Francisco journal, as follows: "As the city has decided to use the municipal railway earnings to buy the library bonds, work on the building has been resumed. The sale of the library bonds has been slow because of the low interest." Thus the San Franciscan who boards a street-car to take him to the library in quest of a book both gets his ride for his nickel and at the same time helps to provide funds for completing the library building—accomplishing two worthy objects with one coin, which is infinitely more praiseworthy than killing two birds with one stone.

### COMMUNICATIONS.

#### SHAKESPEARE AND THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY. (To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

There has always been considerable fascination for me in the following brief passage from one of the less popular of Shakespeare's great tragedies ("Coriolanus," I. 9, 79-92):

"*Mar.* The gods begin to mock me. I, that now Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg Of my lord general.

"*Com.* Take't; 't is yours. What is't!

"*Mar.* I sometime lay here in Corioles At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly.— He cry'd to me; I saw him prisoner, But then Aufidius was within my view And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity. I request you To give my poor host freedom.

"*Com.* Oh, well begg'd! Were he the butcher of my son, he should Be free as is the wind.— Deliver him, Titus!

"*Lar.* Marcius, his name?

"*Mar.* By Jupiter, forgot!— I'm weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.— Have we no wine here?"

Why did Shakespeare introduce into one of the longest of his plays such an apparently trivial incident as his hero's begging for the life of a prisoner whose name he had forgotten? Most of the editors and commentators point out the fact that Shakespeare found this incident in his original, in North's translation of Plutarch. Deighton regards the occurrence as an indication of Coriolanus's "tenderness of heart." Gervinus refers to it as an indication of one of the "good" traits in the hero's character, a "fit of feeling in a god of stone." As far as I can find, only one editor—F. A. Marshall, in the "Henry Irving edition" of Shakespeare,—has noted the fact that the dramatist departed from "his original" in making Coriolanus forget the name of one who had formerly shown him hospitality. Reference to Plutarch's Life of Coriolanus shows that the poet did depart from history in the matter referred to. Plutarch does not, it is true, give us the name of the Volscian whom Coriolanus recognized in the heat of battle, and whose liberation he would have demanded had not at that moment his pity been overwhelmed by wrath at the sight of his great enemy—Aufidius. But neither is there anything in Plutarch to lead one to infer that Coriolanus did not remember the name of his benefactor. Assuming—and it is an assumption that we have every right to make—that so skilful an artist as Shakespeare knew what he was about when he adopted anything from his sources and that he did not reject or retain anything hap-hazard, it becomes an interesting question why he departed from Plutarch in this particular incident. It will be noted that Marcius attributes his defect of memory to fatigue ("I'm weary; yea, my memory is tir'd"). But it can hardly be believed that Shakespeare meant to tell us no more than that his hero was tired after the exploits of the day. The stirring speech that Coriolanus delivers before his General, and his demeanor throughout the scene after the battle, contradict his theory of mental fatigue. Besides, fatigue cannot obliterate the names of our friends and benefactors from our memory. Why, then, does Shakespeare, while following his original so closely as to expose himself to the charge of plagiarism, depart from it in such an apparently trivial matter as the remembering of the name of an insignificant Volscian? That Shakespeare did so is sufficient proof that the matter is not trivial, is not insignificant. To me whatever is in Shakespeare's great works is

right,—poetically, dramatically, and psychologically. I am convinced that there is no more interesting or instructive way of studying a great artist than to see him at work, in the act of creation, as he is remolding his crude original and giving it the breath of life. The little episode we are now considering affords us an opportunity to see Shakespeare at work.

The question we have to consider is why does Coriolanus forget the name of his sometime host? It is evident that he expected to remember the name and that he is chagrined at having forgotten it ("By Jupiter, forgot!"). Can we explain this occurrence? and what, if any, is its significance? Thanks to the "new psychology" of Professor Sigmund Freud, these questions can be answered without much difficulty.

It is one of the fundamental principles of this new psychology, the only psychology deserving the name, that nothing in the domain of mental phenomena happens "by chance," that all our thoughts and actions—even the most apparently insignificant ones—are determined by complex psychic processes. Just as there is no effect without an adequate cause in the physical world, so there is no "accident" in the psychic world. I illustrated this principle (the law of psychic determinism) some time ago in a short essay dealing with Dr. Rank's discovery of what he believed to be a slip of the tongue in "The Merchant of Venice." It was there shown that every so-called "slip" of the tongue has a meaning. Such a slip is really only a slip of the attention, of the person's ability to keep to himself what is going on in his mind. The censor or guardian that watches over the unconscious ego and stands between it and the conscious personality has been caught napping, and one of our secrets has escaped from its cell and broken through the lines into the realm of consciousness. The person guilty of the slip may not be aware (i. e., may not be conscious) of the intruding idea and may not know the meaning of the slip, but that it has a definite meaning is certain and may be discovered by the process known as psychoanalysis, or soul analysis. Now, the failure to recollect a name or word that one ought to remember and expects to remember is nothing but a slip of the memory, and is not accidental. It is due to some unconscious motive, i. e., to a motive of which the individual is not at the time conscious. Our unconscious personality is always true to us; it is franker, sincerer, and honester than our conscious ego, alas! our "normal" selves. It is true that our unconscious personality is selfish, without a touch of altruism, and unmoral; but it is always true to us and to our interests. The unconscious ego seeks, above all, to avoid every unpleasantness, to exclude from consciousness any idea that may give the individual displeasure. It is only when the censor is asleep or napping that our selfish or wicked desires slip their leash and force an entry into the forbidden domain presided over by culture and civilization—and hypocrisy. In most instances, however, they do not pass the censor in their true shape, but enter consciousness in some disguise. Conse-

quently, the individual, the conscious ego,—the host,—is but rarely aware of the true character of his uninvited guests. That is why it is such a difficult task to know oneself. The ancientest philosopher of whom we have any record spoke wiser than he knew when he formulated the fundamental maxim of his philosophy in the words: Know thyself! How difficult a task this is can be appreciated only now since the revelations of the new psychology are showing us what a filmy veneer over the true personality is the part of ourselves that we present to the view of the work-a-day world. To see ourselves as others see us would indeed bring us a little nearer to self-knowledge, but only a little. The poet would perhaps have sung truer had he prayed for the gift to see ourselves with the eyes with which we see others. But we cannot know others until we know the inmost part of ourselves, our unconscious selves.

But let us return to the consideration of lapses of memory. It must be borne in mind, however, that we are dealing only with the forgetting of those names which the individual ought to remember and expects to remember, and the forgetting of which is accompanied with disappointment. Such a forgetting is really a failure on the part of the function of memory; it is not a passive dropping from the memory, but an active expulsion from the memory. It is now well established that just as we can concentrate our mental energies to recollect something so we can concentrate those energies in the effort to forget what is painful and disagreeable. This voluntary and purposed forgetting of our painful experiences, ideas, and desires, is called "Repression." But, alas! the repressed matter is not always content to lie dormant; it takes advantage of every opportunity to escape from confinement, to enter into association with the rest of our psychic life, to influence our conscious life and to give vent to the emotion associated with it. It is this partial failure of repression that is responsible for what the Germans call *Fehlhandlungen*, an expression for which the English language has no equivalent. By *Fehlhandlungen* we mean such acts as slips of the tongue, slips of the pen (miswriting), certain printer's errors, mislaying objects, lapses of memory, mishearing, misreading, misrecognition, and many still more complicated mental and physical acts, e. g., accidentally letting something fall, forgetting to carry out resolutions, throwing a stone and "accidentally" hitting someone with it, etc., etc. To the uninitiated these assertions may seem ridiculous; but let any skeptic submit himself to a psychoanalysis and their truth will be demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt.

We all feel flattered when an eminent personage remembers our name, especially if he had met us only once or twice and not under peculiarly favorable conditions. It is as though the great man said to us: "You are of sufficient importance to have me remember your name." On the other hand, we all feel some resentment and humiliation when we find that our name has been forgotten by a person of some importance or by one who we

think ought to remember us. This explains, too, the comic effect produced on the stage and in books when the name of one of the characters, usually the "villain," is distorted every time it is spoken. Shakespeare has noted, in "King John," that "new-made honour doth forget men's names."

From what Coriolanus says—"he used me kindly,"—and from what we know of him, his profession, his valor, and his hostility to Aufidius, it seems that at some time he found himself hemmed-in in Corioli and that he owed his escape to the friendly shelter of the resident whose name he had forgotten. It might occur to someone to ask at this point: "If Shakespeare followed Plutarch so accurately in this matter why should there be any doubt about this? Was Coriolanus indebted to the Volscian and for what?" The answer to these questions not only contains the answer to our main query (why Coriolanus forgot the name) but furnishes a striking and extremely interesting illustration of Shakespeare's method of work. Let us say at once that, notwithstanding the assertions of the editors and commentators, Shakespeare did not slavishly follow Plutarch, but changed what he found in accordance with his insight into the souls of men and the requirements of his stage. That the reader may judge for himself, I transcribe the following from Plutarch: "Only, this grace (said he) I crave and beseech you to grant me. Among the Volscians there is an old friend and host of mine, an honest wealthy man, and now a prisoner; who, living before in great wealth in his own country, liveth now a poor prisoner, in the hands of his enemies."

Be it noted that in Plutarch the Volscian is "an honest [honorable], wealthy man" and "an old friend" of Coriolanus. Shakespeare makes him "a poor man" who had befriended Coriolanus in a time of need. It now becomes apparent, if we bear the character of Coriolanus in mind, why the Volscian's name was forgotten. He was a poor man, a plebeian, and it galled Coriolanus to think that he—the haughtiest and the valiantest of the aristocrats of Rome—was beholden to one of the common people. The poor Volscian's name would have suggested his plebeian origin, and would have awakened Coriolanus's inveterate resentment for the many-headed and rank-scented multitude against whom he can never cease railing. Coriolanus's contempt and prejudice are so deep-rooted that he is blind to every spark of goodness in the common people.

The introduction of Coriolanus's failure to recall the Volscian's name is one of those subtle and magical touches of which none but Shakespeare was capable. The common soldiers, the aristocracy and the generals are, for the time being, enamored of the hero of Corioli; his weaknesses are forgotten; his titanic pride, his egoism, his impetuosity, and his contempt for the people are overlooked. Instead of these, they—and we—see only his valor, his honor, his dignity, his physical prowess, his fearlessness, his filial love, his domestic virtues, his lofty mind, his brilliant leadership. To crown all these, the poet shows us his hero's freedom from avarice (in refusing princely

gifts), his gratitude for benefits received and his gracious condescension in remembering a commoner. Coriolanus's renunciation of more booty than what he considers his just share, his generous tribute to the many "without note," his modesty, etc., as shown in Act I, and especially in this scene, are well calculated to make us—even the spectators—forget the hero's weaknesses. To guard against this the dramatist ends the scene—the act, we may say—with a subtle reminder of the protagonist's tragic failing—his hatred and scorn of the people. Even at the climax of the portraiture of Coriolanus's better parts, the poet gives those who have the eyes to see a glimpse of his one great weakness. The little slip of the memory is psychologically and dramatically determined.

S. A. TANNENBAUM.

New York City, Dec. 15, 1915.

#### A STRANGE VISITOR IN "THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT"

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It may be a matter of surprise to your readers, as it dumfounded me, to learn that James Thomson ("B. V.") is the author of an interesting tribute to François Rabelais. The essay, reprinted in "Biographical and Critical Studies," was written, perhaps as a pot-boiler, for Cope's "Tobacco Plant." We get a hint of this origin in the author's regret that the great abstracter of quintessence died before making the acquaintance of the "herb of herbs, which is tobacco. Had time and fortune but made him acquainted with it," continues Thomson, "we may be sure that tobacco and not vile hemp, would have been recognised by him as the herb Pantagruelion."

The first, biographical part of the essay is of no value. It is based too much on the Rabelaisian legend which modern research has destroyed, but the second part is an amazingly sympathetic appreciation of the work of Rabelais. We may or may not regret that the sombre poet of "The City of Dreadful Night" did not imbibe more deeply of the Pantagruelian philosophy,—"*certain gayeté d'esprit confite en mespris des choses fortuites*,"—but at least it is pleasant to find good evidence that the reading of Rabelais brought him some hours of gaiety.

We think of Thomson as one continually wrapped in gloom, who had left behind all hope and joy at the gates of the nocturnal city which for him was life. Yet he could see more than one side of the shield. "Profound thought and creative genius may wear a riant not less than a tragic face, or, in some instances, the one and the other in alternation; and there are even instances in which one-half the mask has been of Thalia and the other of Melpomene; for wisdom and genius are not necessarily, though they are more frequently, grave. Democritus the laughter seems to have been a philosopher yet more subtle than Heraclitus the weeper . . . and Aristophanes, I suppose, had at least as much imaginative genius as Euripides."

As bits of well-phrased and effective criticism, I may cite the following. Contrasting the satire of



Swift and Rabelais, Thomson says: "Both see with a vision that cannot be muffled through all the hypocrisies and falsehoods, all the faults and follies of mankind; but the scorn of Rabelais rolls out in jolly laughter, while the scorn of Swift is a *sæva indignatio*—the one is vented in wine, the other in vitriol." Again, speaking of the inexhaustible exuberance of the Frenchman's vocabulary, he says: "I remember reading somewhere of two Oxford or Cambridge professors discussing whether Shakespeare or Milton had the greater command of language, when one remarked conclusively: 'Why, in half-an-hour Shakespeare would have slanged Milton into a ditch!' I take it that Rabelais would have slanged Racine into a ditch in about five minutes." I have rarely seen a more Gargantuan blow dealt to French classicism, which, when it deigned to speak of Rabelais at all, treated his book as an inexplicable enigma.

Possibly Thomson was thinking of Rabelais when he wrote in his "Proem":

"O antique fables! beautiful and bright,  
And joyous with the joyous youth of yore;  
O antique fables! for a little light  
Of that which shineth in you evermore,  
To cleanse the dimness from our weary eyes,  
And bathe our old world with a new surprise  
Of golden dawn entrancing sea and shore."

BENJ. M. WOODBRIDGE.

University of Texas, Dec. 12, 1915.

#### BOOKS IN JAPAN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The following paragraphs from the "Japan Times" of October 13 will serve to give an idea of what Japan reads. The "publication market" mentioned therein is a yearly affair.

"The result of the publication market in autumn is the barometer as to what books are favoured by the people in this country. This season at the Tokiwakadan Restaurant, Ueno, for four days between the 7th and 11th inst, 184 publishers of the Tokyo Publishers' Guild placed their publications on the market. Over 300 booksellers are reported to have come up from Formosa, Korea, Manchuria, and the Loochoo islands as well as from various parts of Japan proper to enjoy the benefits offered by the market. The sale for four days totalled some 170,000 yen [\$85,000], of which such leading publishers as the Maruzen, Hakubun-kan, Okura, Rikugo-kan, and Fuzanbo secured each more than ten thousand yen [\$5,000].

"Publications dealing with popular science have enjoyed the keenest demand; next come those relating to popular history and geography; and the linguistic literature and dictionaries, especially the German-Japanese Dictionary by Prof. Tobari, have experienced a warm welcome. That the German-Japanese Dictionary has increased in favour may be due to the European war.

"So-called small series editions and detective stories have seen their day and are now not found even on the auction list. Novels and romances are quite unpopular. As for the works of Mr. Rabindranath Tagore, the keen demand for them ceased with the confirmation of the rumour that he would give up his intended visit to this country."

I should also like to call attention to a monu-

mental work now approaching publication, as described in the "Japan Times" of October 21.

"Every country in Europe has a trustworthy, exhaustive dictionary of its language, but it is a matter of great regret that Japan has not been benefited by such an acquisition. This inconvenience will be removed by the 'Japanese Lexicon' which has passed all stages of compilation, thanks to the 15 years' assiduous application of Prof. Uyeda of the Tokyo Imperial University and Prof. Matsui of the Tokyo Higher Normal School. This invaluable work will be published in four volumes, the first having already passed the last proof-reading, while the other three volumes will be issued within three years from next year.

"Last Tuesday evening a dinner was given in the Seiyoken, Ueno, in honour of the two scholars by their friends. The function was attended by Premier Count Okuma, Barons Kikuchi and Goto, Dr. Takata, Minister of Education, Vice-Minister Iahihara of the Household Department, and some 150 distinguished scholars and educationists.

"Minister Takata paid a glowing tribute to the guests of honour, emphasising the fact that there has been hitherto no reliable dictionary of the Japanese language, especially for foreign students, but that the new dictionary by the two scholars will efficiently fill up the gap.

"Then followed the Premier's address, in which he recounted that the first dictionary compiled in the Orient was that completed in the reign of the Chinese Emperor Shih, its vocabulary, however, containing only 1,200 words. The Kanghsi Lexicon, an authoritative Chinese dictionary, was compiled in the early stages of the Ching dynasty and comprised some 70,000 words. The new Japanese Dictionary by Profs. Uyeda and Matsui is exhaustive, treating 220,000 words. Its Mss. are 140 ft. high. The perseverance and energy of the Professors are entitled to the highest praise, concluded the Premier."

ERNEST W. CLEMENT.

Tokyo, Japan, Nov. 21, 1915.

#### AN INTERESTING PROPHECY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Among those of your readers as keenly interested as I in Professor Showerman's delightful—I am tempted to say, delicious—review of "Modern Painting," by Mr. Willard Huntington Wright, in your issue of Nov. 25, there may be some who are unacquainted with, or who have forgotten, the sentences with which Mr. Birge Harrison closes the fifth chapter of his book on "Landscape Painting":

"When I try to draw aside the veil, and peer into the mists of the future, I seem to see another art, less material, more akin to the pure spirit of music; an art stripped of all that is gross and material; an art in which abstract beauty alone shall rule. In this new art values may very possibly be unnecessary, and all will be stated in terms of beautiful color.

"This is not yet, however; and any art which is to endure must be true to the spirit of its own age."

This prophecy was uttered five years ago. There are few, Mr. Wright's "Modern Painting" to the contrary, who believe the prophecy realized at this time.

ALFRED M. BROOKS.

Indiana University, Dec. 14, 1915.



### The New Books.

#### EXEGI MONUMENTUM: RUPERT BROOKE.\*

"The real artist, who knew what he was imitating, would be interested in realities and not in imitations; and would leave, as memorials of himself, works many and fair; and, instead of being the author of encomiums, he would prefer to be the theme of them." These words of Plato, true at all times, were never more evidently true than now. To write poetry, to think about poetry when half the world is in the agony of dissolution; when men to whom life looks as fair and tastes as sweet as to us face death hourly with a smile; when what we have known as civilization seems to be reeling back to the barbarism whence it sprang, and we know not what new earth may at last emerge from the chaos over which the powers of darkness and not the Spirit of God are moving;—to deal with poetry at a time like this, we feel and justly feel, requires an apology. It will evidently be no "idle singer of an empty day" that can engage us at such an hour. It will be poetry that is sincere and profound, that expresses what our life veritably is—poetry, in a word, that is real. And even such poetry may be postponed to happier days,—days less urgent, less solemn, on whose fortune hang less vital issues. But if, in our search for something that will distract our minds for an instant from the horrors that obsess them, we should come upon noble poetry which has been translated into heroic deed, upon this we may dwell without accusing thoughts. "This," we say, "is suited to the hour." And such poetry we find in the verse of Rupert Brooke. Here is a monument not of song only, but of glorious act, and not of act only, but of sacred song. Here is an artist who was "interested in realities, not in imitations," and has left behind him, as memorials of himself, works, not indeed many, but very fair.

The brief record of the poet's life is by this time well known. Born into a cultivated family, endowed with unusual physical beauty and charm, trained in the best English schools, loved and admired by hosts of friends, recognized as a poet of great promise, he offered himself at the outbreak of the war for the defence of the land to which he owed the gifts that made life dear to him. He saw active service in the trenches during the futile Antwerp expedition, and sailed in February

of this year on the still more futile expedition to the Dardanelles. There is a certain painful appropriateness in the fact that one who perceived so plainly the irony of life, the eternal disproportion between effort and achievement, should be associated with two such tragic blunders. He died of blood-poisoning in the Aegean on the twenty-third of April, at the age of twenty-seven, and was buried in the island of Seyros. One may apply to him Pater's exquisite words concerning Shakespeare's Claudio: "Called upon suddenly to encounter his fate, looking with keen and resolute profile straight before him, he gives utterance to some of the central truths of human feeling," though in Brooke that utterance is far from being "the sincere, concentrated expression of the recoiling flesh." For it is perfectly evident from his verse that he felt, without shrinking, the shadow of approaching death. The group of sonnets published in 1914 after the outbreak of the war deals almost exclusively with this theme. Among them are the lines, now famous:

"If I should die, think only this of me:  
That there's some corner of a foreign field  
That is for ever England. There shall be  
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;  
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,  
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to  
roam,  
A body of England's, breathing English air,  
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

"And think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less  
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England  
given;  
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her  
day;  
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,  
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven."

It is natural to allow our judgment of Brooke's poetry to be swayed by the romance of his fate; natural, too, to estimate all his work in the light of a single triumphant utterance like this sonnet. One approaches his collected poems, therefore, with a certain misgiving. Can one retain one's critical judgment in the face of so strong a temptation to surrender it? But repeated readings of the volume only confirm one's first impression. Here is verse of great distinction, modern in method and feeling, but almost wholly free from the excess which blights the newer schools of poetry; verse that is in no sense academic, and that yet belongs, on the whole, to the ancient, sound English tradition. There is, no doubt, an occasional grossness of image, an undue emphasis upon unpleasant odors and upon certain ugly facts of the body,

\*THE COLLECTED POEMS OF RUPERT BROOKE. With Introduction by George Edward Woodberry and a biographical note by Margaret Lavington. With portrait. New York: John Lane Co.

but this is the only evidence that the evil communications of our day have in any wise corrupted his excellent poetic manners. There are few metrical experiments, and those most successful. This poet has no need of license; he has fulfilled the first duty of the artist,—to confess the limitations of the medium in which he works. And in that medium he has achieved effects of extreme beauty: a delicate and varied music, an exquisite management of pause and quantity, an unobtrusive inventiveness of rhyme, happy verbal “finds” or revivals—yet without a touch of pedantry,—rich and vivid imagery. It is not, on the whole, simple poetry, though simplicity, too, was within the range of the poet’s gift; but certainly the comparison with Donne that has been suggested is quite unwarranted. There is nothing in him of the tortuosity of the metaphysical school and its modern imitators. There is, indeed, no point in trying to place the poet, to evaluate him by comparison with others. It is enough to determine whether his voice, now silent, was indeed an authentic voice of poetry. Yet I cannot forbear to remark that in his best and most serious verse there is a grave stateliness that is all but Shakespearean. Such a sonnet as “The Busy Heart” would not be wholly out of place in the immortal series that deals with the golden youth and the Dark Lady. Nor am I afraid to say that it is a better sonnet, because a nobler and profounder, than the famous “Since there’s no help, come let us kiss and part” of Drayton.

“Now that we’ve done our best and worst, and parted,

I would fill my mind with thoughts that will not rend.

(O heart, I do not dare go empty-hearted)

I’ll think of Love in books, Love without end;  
Women with child, content; and old men  
sleeping;

And wet strong ploughlands, scarred for certain  
grain;

And babes that weep, and so forget their  
weeping;

And the young heavens, forgetful after rain;  
And evening hush, broken by homing wings;

And Song’s nobility, and Wisdom holy,  
That live, we dead. I would think of a thousand  
things,

Lovely and durable, and taste them slowly,  
One after one, like tasting a sweet food.

I have need to busy my heart with quietude.”

There are, indeed, several of the sonnets that seem to echo the rich Elizabethan music. They have often the same *motif*,—the illusion and the futility of passion. But they are not echoes, they are voices, gravely uttering the poet’s own experience of life, his sorrows, his

consolations, his shadowy but quenchless hope, his ecstasies flawed with the sense of their own impermanence. They have always a characteristic touch, a delightful difference, that marks them as the poet’s own, and they are always ended with a felicity that not even the greatest Elizabethans invariably achieve. Take, for instance, Campion’s stanzas beginning, “When thou must home to shades of underground,” with its half-dozen lines of pure and faultless loveliness, and its impotent conclusion, and compare it with Brooke’s sonnet, “Oh! Death will find me, long before I tire.” The younger poet is here handling a theme on which it is difficult not to be reminiscent of the elder, but the individuality of the treatment, the lightness of touch, the breadth and suavity, above all, the inimitable grace of the closing couplet make the sonnet issue triumphantly even from so perilous a testing.

“Oh! Death will find me, long before I tire  
Of watching you; and swing me suddenly  
Into the shade and loneliness and mire  
Of the last land! There, waiting patiently,

“One day, I think, I’ll feel a cool wind blowing,  
See a slow light across the Stygian tide,  
And hear the Dead about me stir, unknowing,  
And tremble. And I shall know that you have  
died,

“And watch you, a broad-browed and smiling  
dream,  
Pass, light as ever, through the lightless host,  
Quietly ponder, start, and sway, and gleam—  
Most individual and bewildering ghost!—

“And turn, and toss your brown delightful head  
Amusedly, among the ancient Dead.”

So much, though a good deal more might be said, for the poet’s manner. But what is after all the most vital aspect of the work of any poet who is worthy of the name is the ideas and emotions that it expresses, the revelation that it gives us of the man behind it. In the case of a young poet, nothing is so characteristic and revealing as his treatment of the passion of love, and here our poet is at his best. There is in much of his love-poetry a refreshing and unexpected note, a recognition of the truth that love and life are not quite identical, that those other minor “loves” upon which he dilates, the humble and fleeting joys of earth, may “impart a gusto” even to the grand passion, and that they may almost console for the lack or the loss of it. This is clearly not due to any want of virility or incapacity for intense feeling in the poet’s nature; for there are poems in this volume that sing the ecstasies of love in a fashion

that would "create a soul under the ribs of death." It is due rather to two qualities that are sufficiently rare in men of so ardent a temperament as his,—a certain clear-eyed sense of the limitations of the great passion, and a kind of mystical reticence or remoteness, a withholding of himself, a recognition of the finiteness of man's heart; and these two qualities save him from being a mere harp for the winds of passion to work their lawless will upon, and make him the master of his music. He knows that, Shakespeare notwithstanding, love is Time's fool,—that with the fading of beauty, fades also the passion that it inspired and that idealized it.

"Oh, I'll remember! but . . . each crawling day  
Will pale a little your scarlet lips, each mile  
Dull the dear pain of your remembered face."

In the height of his ardors, he can still anticipate the coming of the inevitable day when kindness shall take the place of love, when

" . . . the best that either's known  
Will change and wither and be less,  
At last, than comfort, or its own  
Remembrance."

He recognizes also within himself and registers a certain incapacity to rise to the highest levels of passion, the sudden chilling impotence that falls upon a temperament too reflective to yield itself to the enthralling moment.

"There are wanderers in the middle mist,  
Who cry for shadows, clutch, and cannot tell  
Whether they love at all, or, loving, whom.  
 . . . Of these am I."

It will not do, of course, to interpret such admissions too literally. They may be partly dramatic, or the effect of a fleeting mood of self-reproach. Yet they recur too often to be ignored, and they are moreover quite in character. But if any reader is inclined, because of these Hamlet-like misgivings, to think of the poet as a lover without ardor, he has only to turn to such a poem as "Mummia" in order to be persuaded that the lady to whom these verses were addressed would be exacting indeed if she were not content with such a poet-lover. "Love's for completeness," he insists, and since completeness is unattainable in this fragmentary and distracting world, it is necessary to postpone the highest raptures and rewards of love to another life, where love is bodiless. Like the romantic poets of every age, he recognizes the human limitation; but unlike the less wise of them, he acquiesces in it, and this acquiescence gives to his work, despite its intense modernity, a touch of the antique repose, the Platonic mysticism. The sonnet that begins "Not with vain tears, when

we're beyond the sun" is an admirable example of that blending of poetic graces and felicities, half humorous, half sober, with a wholly profound and sincere idea, which gives his verse its rare distinction. And in this case, the underlying idea is unmistakably Platonic.

"Not with vain tears, when we're beyond the sun,  
We'll beat on the substantial doors, nor tread  
Those dusty high-roads of the aimless dead  
Plaintive for Earth; but rather turn and run  
Down some close-covered by-way of the air,  
Some low sweet alley between wind and wind,  
Stoop under faint gleams, thread the shadows,  
find  
Some whispering ghost-forgotten nook, and there

"Spend in pure converse our eternal day;  
Think each in each, immediately wise;  
Learn all we lacked before; hear, know, and say  
What this tumultuous body now denies;  
And feel, who have laid our groping hands away;  
And see, no longer blinded by our eyes."

Touches of Platonism, indeed, are frequent. The delightful lyric, "Tiare Tahiti," devoted to one of his wandering loves, embodies a charming and whimsical application of the doctrine of the Symposium. Life is soon over, love is fleeting, all fair and earthly things end, not in the grave—that were too commonplace a conclusion—but in the world of Types of which the poet-philosopher tells us, the world of "the divine beauty, pure and clear and unalloyed, not clogged with the pollutions of mortality and all the colours and vanities of human life."

"And my laughter, and my pain,  
Shall home to the Eternal Brain.  
And all lovely things, they say,  
Meet in Loveliness again.

And there'll no more be one who dreams  
Under the ferns, of crumbling stuff,  
Eyes of illusion, mouth that seems,  
All time-entangled human love."

But alas, it is precisely "the colours and vanities" that are dear to us and make our fleeting life so dear. The world of Types is something chilly and remote to warm-blooded earth-dwellers, and hence the poet draws the practical and inevitable conclusion:

"Hasten, hand in human hand,  
Down the dark, the flowered way."

It is the old cry of the poets, but touched in these verses with a mysticism that half redeems it from the charge of mere earthliness. "Heaven's Heaven," the poet knows, though

"we'll be missing  
The palms, the sunlight, and the south."

It is this oscillation between the keenest, most poignant enjoyment of the things of



sense and a realization of their transiency in relation to a world where they are transmuted into ideas that gives the poet's verse its characteristic note, a note that is neither sensuous nor reflective, but a subtle blending of both. "I have been so great a lover," he cries,—so great a lover that his love embraces well-nigh all the things of earth. In the poem from which this phrase is taken, he enumerates the objects of his love, and a motley assemblage they are: "wet roofs beneath the lamplight," "the strong crust of friendly bread," "the cool kindliness of sheets that soon smooth away trouble," "Sleep; and high places; footprints in the dew." These things, too, must pass, like greater things; but before they end, he desires to record his love of them. He loves them simply, humanly, without reference to their poetic value. He is capable of homely as well as of extraordinary joys. Not being a product of over-sophistication, he has no inclination to treat "the mere drift or *débris* of our days" as if it were not. And yet there is often a lurking symbolism in his treatment of the most commonplace and objective themes, which is all the more effective for being implicit. The dining-room at tea-time and the examination-room are filled for an instant with august presences, "immortal, immortal," beside the everyday or the grotesque beings who are visible and audible there. A night-journey by train is an image of that other mysterious journey of which the end is appointed, in which,

"Lost into God, as lights in light, we fly."

The fish in his cool, crystalline world feels dimly "the intricate impulse" that disturbs man, in his no less limited being, with longings from beyond the element that engulfs him. Thus the poet's homely loves verge upon, tend to unite with, his more exalted ones, as both are absorbed in the Idea.

But it must not be inferred that all this high thinking and poetic feeling are untouched by gaiety. Everywhere, even in the most incongruous situations, though with no effect of incongruity, the poet's humor plays over the high themes with which he deals, and thus redeems them from the portentous seriousness which is the bane of the young artist. His most eloquent verse is sane and cool, never over-fervid or grandiloquent, and his lighter verse is altogether charming. It is difficult to imagine a more successful thing of its kind than "The Old Vicarage, Grantchester," with its blending of gaiety and gravity, beauty and burlesque; and the poem called "Heaven" is a little triumph of satirical felicity. "Caliban upon Setebos" is a

profounder satire upon the incorrigible materialism of man, but it is not more essentially humorous than our poet's conception of metaphysics as imaged in the fishy mind.

"One may not doubt that, somehow, Good  
Shall come of Water and of Mud;  
And, sure, the reverent eye must see  
A purpose in Liquidity.  
We darkly know, by Faith we cry,  
The future is not Wholly Dry."

Yet the poet, despite his youthful gaiety and his rapturous delight in life, is profoundly serious. The transiency of beauty and love, the eternal antimony of the relative and the absolute, these are his themes. And it is difficult not to connect them with the thought of early death which runs like a subsidiary *motif* through all the intricate harmonies of his verse. It is not the mere morbidity of youth, the shadow cast by its brilliant sunshine. It is a part of the great adventure of living. He looks forward with curiosity unassuaged to the freedom, the wisdom, the unknown joys, the taintless love of that ampler, that diviner world.

"There the sure suns of these pale shadows move;  
There stand the immortal ensigns of our war;  
Our melting flesh fixed Beauty there, a star,  
And perishing hearts, imperishable Love."

Nor does this obsession of the brevity of life—for it is no less—issue in lethargy or in quietism; but rather in the felt need of "redeeming the time," not because the days are evil, for they are a procession of beauty and opportunity, but because they are few. And so the poet, with the pathetic human craving for immortality, hastens to give what permanence he can to the crowding, evanescent loves,

"the scented store

Of song and flower and sky and face"

which his spirit has acquired. There is no hoarding of joys, no "stern, spiritual frugality" here. Nor, on the other hand, is there unbridled lavishness. All the manifold elements of his vivid and eager life are in their place, and "compose" at last in an ordered picture. There is, moreover, little of the groping, tentative manner of young poets who have a lifetime in which to elaborate their image of the world. There is little of the youthful awkwardness that disfigures the early work even of a Keats. This is young poetry to be sure, with all the charm and vivacity of youth; but it is ripe poetry, too. The Fates that denied him length of days gave him in compensation an early and a rich maturity. One can hardly regret the work of which his death has deprived us, for what he has left us is so admirably complete. The



monument that he has built for himself has the finality, the freedom from effort, the serenity of an Attic grave-stone. One may even rejoice that such gifts as his are enshrined henceforth beyond the reach of change.

"We have found safety with all things undying,  
The winds and morning, tears of men and mirth,  
The deep night, and birds singing, and clouds  
flying,

And sleep, and freedom, and the autumnal earth."  
Like the actors in the carven pastoral of Keats's Ode, he remains immortally young, beautiful, heroic, flinging out his songs in the face of Death, never to be touched by the decay and squalor that overtake, too often, the loveliness of earth.

CHARLES H. A. WAGER.

#### THE FEDERATION OF THE WORLD.\*

After the war, what next? Shall we settle down to get ready for other and more dreadful wars, or will it be possible to develop an internationalism that will render all wars impossible? Mr. Hobson does not underestimate the magnitude of the step which he advocates in his book, "Towards International Government," but he tries to show that it is the only practical alternative to a condition which he hopes and believes mankind will no longer tolerate.

In the first place, it will by no means suffice to "crush German militarism," as the phrase goes, and then expect all to be well. As the author rightly insists, the thing to be crushed in Germany is not primarily an army and navy, but a state of mind, "a spirit of national aggression, proud, brutal and unscrupulous, the outcome of certain intellectual and moral tendencies." This condition of mind is not peculiar to Germany, but exists more or less in all countries, founded as it is on the baser instincts of mankind. Its manifestations in private life are discouraged by every means possessed by society and the State, but in national affairs it is made respectable under the cloak of patriotism. It is a long step forward to do away with this colossal vice; but as Mr. Hobson remarks, we are not entering upon any new policy, but only extending to larger affairs that which we have long relied upon in lesser. Within the memory of those living, many ancient idols of respectability have been shattered, and many established customs called into question; many others are visibly doomed, and it needs only

the courage and determination which the present crisis should arouse, to attack the greatest of all evils.

It is not supposed that the world will live in amity as the result of a general increase of personal righteousness. Something more than this, something dynamic, is required. The machinery must be created for the development of international activities. Already much machinery of this kind exists, for certain limited purposes. Thus we have the International Postal Union, and numerous international societies of various kinds, some of which legislate for their members in regard to certain matters. Science is completely international. The fact is, that militaristic governments represent the survival of the ideals of a past age, and are out of joint with the progressive elements in modern civilization.

The methods of diplomacy, no matter how able the diplomats, are doomed to failure. They are wholly undemocratic, and are left in the hands of men who belong to the ruling classes, "a caste strongly entrenched in economic and social privileges and with few opportunities for gaining knowledge of or sympathy with the life of the general body of the nation." Thus the fate of millions is decided as the outcome of a game, in which both sides are ignorant of the consequences of their actions, and indifferent to the broader considerations of justice and humanity. This may be true, in spite of the fact that the participants are highly trained, extremely able, and anxious to do their duty. It is especially important to appreciate this point, because an apparently formidable argument against internationalism lies in the lamentable failure of negotiations between the picked men of Europe. Where these have failed, how shall others succeed? The answer is, that we need for this work a quite different type of mind; we need men who will study the problems involved, weigh the consequences, and decide upon the merits of each case with due regard to all the peoples concerned. Such men exist in sufficient numbers to make a beginning; and when the Federation of the World is an established fact, men will be trained for this kind of service. It will no longer occur to anyone that he who strives for the welfare of humanity is in any degree injuring his own country.

In all of this, there is no spirit of amorphous "neutrality." Mr. Hobson's attitude is as far as possible from that of the academic jellyfish who believes that all opinions were born free and equal, and are equally entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happi-

\* TOWARDS INTERNATIONAL GOVERNMENT. By J. A. Hobson. New York: The Macmillan Co.

ness. The reviewer will suggest the phrase "Dynamic Neutrality" to express the status of those who are neutral in the sense of keenly desiring the welfare of the peoples of all warring nations, but who also desire to do everything in their power to bring about a just solution of the matters in dispute. This is the neutrality of a good police officer, who uses force only when other means fail. It seems to Mr. Hobson that it will be necessary for the united nations to at least be in a position to use force against any group which refuses to accept the established sanctions, but in the course of time this type of settlement will be less important. "Social, moral and economic pressure," as recommended by the International Congress of Women at the Hague, would ultimately bring any civilized country to terms. To the military minded, this sounds like a weak remedy; but imagine the consequences to a nation "if all diplomatic intercourse were withdrawn; if the international postal and telegraphic systems were closed to a public law-breaker; if all inter-State railway trains stopped at his frontiers; if no foreign ships entered his ports, and ships carrying his flag were excluded from every foreign port; if all coaling stations were closed to him; if no acts of sale or purchase were permitted to him in the outside world." This implies a unanimity of world-opinion which has never yet been approached, but it would come perhaps as the result of full and accurate information, gathered and circulated by an international body commanding general respect. Long before any such extreme measures were adopted, the questions involved would have been discussed from every angle, and their bearing accurately estimated. Knowledge and responsibility may be expected to bring clarity of vision: "the agitator and the yellow journalist who work by spreading fears, suspicions and jealousies, and by imputing false motives to foreigners, owe all their power to the atmosphere of ignorance in which they work."

It appears to the reviewer that it is high time to organize a council or unofficial parliament for the consideration of international questions in this country. Such a group might do much to clarify public opinion, by ascertaining and making known the facts relating to public affairs, and exposing the outrageous misrepresentations with which the press is filled. It might also serve as a mouth-piece for the latent international good will which is at present almost inarticulate. Proposals for an international council of this type, to sit in Europe, are now before the public, and certainly deserve support; but it

is desirable, indeed it is perhaps necessary, to organize the forces of internationalism separately in each country, to furnish as it were roots for the tree which we hope will eventually bear the fruits of peace.

T. D. A. COCKERELL.

#### MAGIC CHARMS AND JEWELS.\*

Since Spencer and Gillen made their exhaustive study of the manners and customs of the aboriginal Australians, and Dr. James G. Frazer showed in his invaluable work on Totemism the relations between the ideas of this most primitive of peoples and those of later phases of barbarism, one instinctively expects to find the origin of most superstitions in the customs of the Australian Bushmen. In whatever direction this dusky originator of ideas may be found lacking, it is certainly not in that of a universal belief in sympathetic magic, with its accompanying developments in the working of charms by the wise men of the tribe, and through talismanic objects.

Dr. George Frederick Kunz, in his new book, "The Magic of Jewels and Charms," has collected an immense amount of valuable material, which some future anthropologist with a connected theory on the subject of the relationship of magic to the development of human thought will be able to use illustratively to great advantage. This material is made doubly valuable by an indication at the foot of each page of the sources whence the data are derived. One looks in vain, however, for any constructive plan in the work. The author has strung his facts together in an almost totally unrelated fashion, like a colossal necklace of every variety of stone, precious and otherwise, held together by a thread of narrative so weak that it breaks at times. A person of encyclopedic memory may enjoy packing facts, so presented, away in the pigeonholes of his brain; but a thinker demands an arrangement of data into some harmonious whole, which will stimulate his powers of thought. It is true that Dr. Kunz often offers interesting observations, but these are sandwiched in like another sort of bead on the string, and are so frequently prefixed by a "perhaps" or a "probably" that their authoritativeness is greatly diminished.

Although the author has not brought forward any new theory in regard to the development and degeneration of thought in relation

\* THE MAGIC OF JEWELS AND CHARMS. By George Frederick Kunz. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

to magic charms and stones, an absorbing avenue of study is opened up by his labors. Some day, no doubt, not only the material here brought together but the researches of others will be drawn upon for a scientific synthesis as complete as Dr. Joseph E. Pogue has furnished for a single stone in his elaborate study of the "History, Mineralogy, Geology, Ethnology, Archaeology, Mythology, Folklore, and Technology of the Turquoise." In the meantime, anyone familiar with the work of such men as Tylor and Frazer will find many an interesting comparison suggested to him as he browses in this rich field of facts.

When we read in Dr. Kunz's book that St. Apollonia of Alexandria is said to cure toothache and all diseases of the teeth, the reason for this being that at her martyrdom all her beautiful teeth were pulled out, we are reminded that the primitive Australian was in the habit of knocking out a tooth or two upon the ceremonies at the initiation into manhood, and that this queer practice was by no means a meaningless ritual, but was founded upon the belief that a part of the soul was in this way preserved for re-incarnation in the future. At least, so many similar customs and their evident relationship with totems and totemism seem to indicate. In this way human teeth, and also the teeth of totem animals, became magical objects. Another link in the chain is supplied by Dr. Kunz when he relates that in southern Russia a favorite amulet, especially valued for the protection of children and the cure of their diseases, is a wolf's tooth, or an imitation of a wolf's tooth made of bone and set in a ring. Another phase of the mythology of teeth is shown in the custom of the Indians of Ecuador, Mexico, and Central America of decorating the teeth with precious stones, burial remains having been discovered with the teeth so decorated. "Among the Mayans here jadeite seems to have been the stone principally favored for this purpose; while in Mexico hematite has been met with in Oaxaca, turquoise in Vera Cruz, and at other places in the land rock-crystal and obsidian." Thus from a point of view where the teeth were considered so valuable as the magic repository of the soul that they were knocked out for safe keeping, we come to the stage where their value must be preserved by magic talismans; with intermediary phases, where an animal's tooth or an imitation of it takes the place of human teeth, or where a saint whose teeth had been sacrificed was especially gifted in curing the toothache.

These are only a few facts, yet how much they reveal of the processes by which a primi-

tive superstition becomes modified as time goes on, until its original significance is altogether forgotten, and the attributing of magic properties to an infinite variety of objects seems merely an arbitrary fancy! This multiplication of magic objects began in the most primitive times. Every animal, every tree, every stone, might be a totem. Sometimes the totem was itself the ancestor of the tribe, sometimes it was a personal guardian spirit, and then again it was merely the repository of such ancestral or guardian spirits.

Another primitive idea, that of producing desired effects by sympathetic magic, i. e., by some action which was thought to be imitative of the desired result, is, in the end, combined with the use of magic stones. Rain-making stones are among the most interesting of this sort, several examples of which are given by Dr. Kunz. The Dieri tribes of Central Africa believe that rain can only be produced by magic ceremonies through the intercession of ancestral spirits. In one of these ceremonies two large stones are used.

"After a ceremonial in the course of which the blood drawn from the two chief sorcerers is smeared over the bodies of the others, the stones are borne away by these two sorcerers for a distance of about twenty miles, and there put up upon the highest tree that can be found, the object evidently being to bring them as near to the clouds as possible."

In another ceremony, rock-crystal as a rain compeller finds honor. To bring down rain from the sky, the wizards of the Ta-ta-thi tribe in New South Wales

"break off a fragment of a crystal and cast it heavenward, enwrapping the rest of the crystal in feathers. After immersing these with their enclosure in water and leaving them to soak for a while, the whole is removed and buried in the earth, or hidden away in some safe place. The widely spread fancy that rock-crystal is simply congealed water may have something to do with the choosing of this stone as a rain maker."

Another ceremony shows the primitive rain stone as influenced by Christian dogma.

"Stone crosses have sometimes been used as rain-bringers, as in the case of one belonging to St. Mary's Church in the Island of Uist, one of the Outer Hebrides off the Scottish Coast. When drought prevailed here, the peasants would set up this cross, which usually lay flat on the ground, in the confident belief that rain would ensue. Of course, sooner or later, it was sure to come, and then the cross, having done its duty, was quietly placed in its former horizontal position."

While the mysteries connected with such magic charms as teeth, ordinary stones, and many other quite unromantic objects, cannot be explained without delving into primitive



origins, it is quite comprehensible that an electric gem such as the tourmaline for example should impress a primitive mind, as it does our own, with the strangeness of its properties. Here is an inorganic body in which the spirit can actually be awakened and made to do things before our very eyes. What Dr. Kunz has to say of the tourmaline comes under the head of fact rather than of magic. He tells us that the electrical quality of this stone was first noticed by some Dutch children, who were puzzled to see bits of straw and ash attracted by some crystals of tourmaline that had been brought from the Orient.

A belief in the magic properties of amber, not only as a curative agent, but as a generally helpful sort of object to have around, especially in the form of a necklace, goes back at least to the days of Thales. Much interesting lore in regard to this stone, as well as to another magnetic stone, the loadstone, has been collected by Dr. Kunz.

The part played by precious stones in magic lore is an infinitely varied one. Here, beauty furnishes the mystery,—a beauty which "flashes its laugh at Time." A spirit locked up in a diamond might be expected never to escape. Volmar, in his "Steinbuch," after enumerating all the well known precious stones, proceeds to relate that

"There is one which produces blindness, another that enables the wearer to understand the language of birds, still another that saves people from drowning, and, finally, one of such sovereign power that it brings back the dead to life. However, we are told that because of the miraculous virtues of these stones God hides them so well that no man can obtain them."

To this may be added the witness of Saint Hildegard of Bingen, who wrote that "just as a poisonous herb placed on a man's skin will produce ulceration," by an analogous though contrary effect, "certain precious stones, if placed on the skin, confer health and sanity by their virtue." As Dr. Kunz observes, since the discovery of radium and its effect upon disease, it is quite believable that the numberless stories about the curative properties of stones, especially magnetic stones, are based upon scientific fact.

The chapter about meteorites contains a *mélange* of science and myth, not in the least welded together, but nevertheless full of interesting information. Other chapters deal with "Fabulous Stones," "Snake Stones and Bezoars," and "The Religious Use of Stones." In these chapters we may wander through a labyrinthine museum of stones and gems, among which we shall find stones that are purely figments of the imagination; stones

which sometimes were, sometimes were imagined to have been, formed inside of human beings or animals, and all having magic significance; stones which were sacred to the gods of various peoples, gems upon which angel figures are engraved,—until the reader feels as if wandering in some magnificent treasure vault of ancient story, with freedom to take all he can carry away with him.

Only a tiny handful has been carried away and brought to notice by the present reviewer. Every reader is therefore advised to go and gather for himself in this treasure house of a virtuoso who, though he has not furnished a clue to the labyrinth, has surrounded every one of his gems with a halo of scientific and imaginative interest.

The book is a large-sized quarto, beautifully printed on heavy paper, and is enriched with a generous supply of unusually satisfying illustrations, some of them in color.

HELEN A. CLARKE.

#### HISTORY AS IT IS POPULARIZED.\*

Between the professional historian and the irresponsible hack writer a great gulf is fixed, and rightly so. But occasionally from opposite sides of the chasm each attempts to hurl a missile at his supposititious rival,—as does the author of "The Road to Glory." The effort seems to call for a rejoinder; although, in the interchange, the provocative champion is likely to go unscathed. Let us hope that the innocent bystander, totally unconscious or mildly curious, may be equally fortunate.

Mr. Powell complains that the highway of history is altogether too dusty. Consequently his "road" must be liberally sprinkled with blood. This remark is prompted by one of his recent letters from the war front. Evidently he dotes on gory scenes, but his reader is likely to become wearied with the excessive carnage through which he is forced to wade. The stone wall with its firing squad; the deadly "storm of lead," spitting forth promiscuously on the parched plains of the Southwest (possibly in default of more welcome showers, but varied occasionally by a rain of arrows, javelins, and less familiar weapons); the miasmatic swamp, tropical jungle, savage-infested forest, and snow-clad mountains,—all of these afford an interesting setting for Mr. Powell's glorious roadway. But through frequent use in melodramatic offering, these properties have become taw-

\* THE ROAD TO GLORY. By E. Alexander Powell. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

dry, and afford but poor disguise to the author's sanguinary puppets.

His chief characters are indeed but puppets, faintly suggesting the best creations of Kipling or Stevenson, but more familiar in the old time ten-cent "thriller." Witness his "two gun men," with bowie knives in their teeth, exhibiting the filibuster in proper aureole. But Mr. Powell would have us believe that such men won "three-fourths of the territory of the United States." They did win for themselves and their countrymen a hatred and fear, mingled with contempt, that the Latin-American does not yet wholly conceal in his intercourse with their more cultured successors. They paved the way for the later settlers of Texas much as the pestilence that preceded the coming of the Pilgrims providentially favored the planting of New England by ridding it of inharmonious natives. We do not deny that the era of the filibuster needs a more adequate treatment than any reputable historian has yet accorded it; but it also demands a more restrained judgment than the present work reveals.

The same over-emphasis characterizes the whole volume, and mingled with it is a practice even less praiseworthy. In the bath-tub interview between Napoleon and his brothers, Mr. Powell introduces Joseph's clenched fist, although Henry Adams (his unnamed authority) does not confirm this little by-play. Mr. Adams's pages, however, abundantly attest the "Roadster's" diligence as a copyist, especially when describing the Indians of the Northwest. His propensity to exaggerate again appears in the assertion that Harrison's encounter with the Indians on the Tippecanoe "started an avalanche which ended by crushing Napoleon." The avalanche, really a tidal wave, was already started; but it would be difficult to prove that our entire second struggle with Great Britain greatly affected its course, not to mention this minor frontier skirmish. Again Jackson, almost unaided, achieves (in these pages) the "conquest" of the Floridas. We will not quarrel with Mr. Powell's use of the term to describe this acquisition, but a more judicious view of the events leading up to it would include Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and, above all, John Quincy Adams.

Our guide does not greatly fancy "suave frock-coated diplomats," and rightly assigns them the lesser part in winning our national domain; but he ignores these gentlemen in "high black stocks" altogether too much. On the other hand, he errs as grievously in bringing his frontiersman into the diplomatic circle. Marcus Whitman, "in his worn and torn

garments of fur and leather," coonskin cap and all, is an heroic figure; but he does not need a fanciful interview with President Tyler and Secretary Webster to establish this fact. Of course, such an interview affords a more dramatic climax to "the greatest ride" than a mere appearance before a missionary board. Accordingly our reporter, with a headline in mind, undeterred by an absolute lack of competent authorities, makes his story correspond with his wishes. How difficult to bury an historical legend, when it lies so conveniently near the pseudo-militant highway!

One hesitates to pursue "The Road to Glory" farther, although our guide promises strangely lurid stretches in Africa, Sumatra, and Japan. The failure to maintain a proper perspective nearer home casts doubt upon all his journeyings. With equal distrust we note that time and place mean little to him. Louisiana, the steamboat, and Texas are hopelessly confused in chronology, and so are Nolan, Hidalgo, and their contemporaries of the first chapter. The American people are noted for their rapid migrations, but two years is too short a time to introduce twenty thousand of them into Texas,—even with the schooner on the Gulf assisting the "prairie schooner" in the process. Winter crops may concern the present residents of that commonwealth, but in 1835 they influenced the volunteers that captured Bexar less than the Mexican constitution of 1824. It was in behalf of that document, rather than for "the flag with a single star," that the defenders of the Alamo died.

One can excuse Mr. Powell for not knowing the Salcedoes apart; but he ought at least to master the career of the Kempers, and not put Calhoun, perforce, into Jackson's cabinet. Some years ago, indeed, a well known and fairly constant Democratic candidate for the presidency urged the wisdom of inviting the vice-president to confer with the cabinet. But the American people did not then empower him to form one, and his stormy patron saint of the earlier day certainly cherished no such intention to honor his running mate. Incidentally we might suggest to our chronicler that their estrangement affords a good story; but in view of the present performance, we have no desire that he should undertake it. Avoiding diplomats on principle, we cannot expect him to be accurate in regard to our affairs with Spain; but he should do better in respect to his filibustering favorites.

We can also, with reason, ask our conductor to pay more attention to his geography. He should not, even for a "joy ride," assemble "the Spanish Cortes in Mexico."

Nor should he confuse Natchitoches with Natchez, for they mark separate stages in the advance of our frontier. "Tallahassee" may be substituted for Pensacola, if necessary to change at least one word in a cribbed sentence; but it does not strengthen the context,—largely derived, without any acknowledgment whatever, from Henry Adams. "Austin" alone is confusing apart from the "San Felipe" with which it was joined in early days; it does not designate the capital on the Colorado. "Tohopeka" and "Horse Shoe Bend" are joined on one page and separated on another, with some resulting confusion. A glance at the proper map would show "Palo Alto" and "Resaca de la Palma" on this side of the Rio Grande. Perhaps Doniphan's "Thousand" marched six thousand miles, but their annalist does not clearly show how he measures this extensive "Anabasis," nor does he substantiate his claim that it added a territory larger than the whole United States at that time. These few instances—and they form only a small part of the errors, in place as well as in date—will serve to show how little reliance is to be placed in the author's accuracy or honesty of purpose.

But he has produced a readable book! "Solar plexus blows," "varsity foot ball team," "racing skull at Poughkeepsie," "accuracy of Matthewson across the plate,"—these phrases are as familiar as they are likely to prove ephemeral. "Stealing candy from a child" will popularize almost any plagiarism. Perhaps the United States acquired Florida in the manner that suggests the "neatness and dispatch of a meat-cutting machine," but one tires of these everlasting carnal similes. They might be more bearable if one had confidence in their accuracy. But like the descriptions of the battlefields that line his bloody "Road," they are largely the product of a disordered imagination.

In itself this inaccurate and thoroughly reprehensible book is unworthy the attention we have given it. But it represents a certain type of pseudo-historical writing that cannot be too strongly condemned. With all his shortcomings, the "dry-as-dust historian" has no such misdemeanor as this to answer for. Nor are the publishers wholly guiltless, for nearly every page exhibits manifest errors that cursory editorial supervision could easily check. Careless reviewing,—of which the present writer has already noted some conspicuous, if respectable, instances,—may obtain for this book wider reading than it merits; but for the sake of Mr. Powell's reputation as a war correspondent, let us

hope not. Had he called his volume "The Paths of Glory" we might, for the nonce, quote Gray's famous line with more assurance that another useless but harmful book will speedily rest in the grave it deserves.

ISAAC JOSLIN COX.

#### THE STORIED BUILDINGS OF VIRGINIA.\*

The colonial mansions of Virginia have figured in many books and have been the object of more than one special treatment, that of Mrs. Sale being hitherto the most complete. All of these yield in elaborateness and interest to Mr. Robert A. Lancaster's "Historic Virginia Homes and Churches," now published in a limited edition. The author's statement that his book includes "practically all the principal Colonial homes of historic interest" is scarcely an exaggeration, and there are even many relatively obscure houses from times considerably later than the colonial period. With its three hundred fine illustrations from photographs, many of them showing buildings now destroyed or altered, it forms a veritable *corpus* of Virginian architecture.

Among the many buildings here illustrated practically for the first time, one may note especially Long Branch, Dover, and, above all, Breemo, as superb examples of the Virginia mansion. The last especially, a joint product of the architectural genius of Jefferson and the solicitude of its owner, General Cocke, deserves to be ranked with Westover, Mount Airy, Mount Vernon, and Monticello in skilful composition and beauty of aspect. A single very desirable addition to the list occurs to the reviewer,—Jefferson's own second house at Poplar Forest, still standing, unique in its octagonal form.

Since Mr. Lancaster is an officer of the Virginia Historical Society, and has had the assistance of many of the foremost historical workers in the state, his text might well be expected to clear up many of the doubtful questions regarding the times when the houses were built. There is in his pages, to be sure, a wealth of family history,—the descent of the estates is accurately traced, the names of the builders are given, and there is much new material regarding the younger and smaller places. Of thorough-going research into the origins of the older and greater places, however, there is little. The often repeated views and dates recur, in passages which the specialist readily recognizes as bor-

\* HISTORIC VIRGINIA HOMES AND CHURCHES. By Robert A. Lancaster, Jr. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.



rowed word for word from earlier local works, even though the author has often neglected quotation marks and references. Mr. Lancaster makes no attempt to give any sketch of the general development of Virginian architecture, for which he has furnished such rich material. Indeed, throughout the text, he is less concerned with the buildings themselves than with their occupants and associations.

It would have been interesting to trace the gradual transformation of Virginia houses and churches from the half-mediaeval character of the earliest examples to the neo-classic splendors of Berry Hill and the Monumental Church at Richmond. English styles had here their reflections,—clearly, as in the florid Georgian of Westover, the strictly Palladian of Mount Airy; more dimly in the delicate vernacular of Mount Vernon. With the intervention of Jefferson, above all in the design of the Capitol in Richmond, however, began a striving for something more universal, based directly on the scheme of the classic temple. In its literalness, as well as in its relation to the Roman cast of our early republicanism, this movement had aspects specifically American, and gave us, for more than a generation, a distinctively national architecture.

The amateur and traveller, however, will perhaps think that its very lacks are recommendations of the book, and will prefer it for its bountiful garner of myths and anecdotes and its *ante bellum* flavor. The beauties, the cavaliers, the ghosts of the old mansions are duly chronicled, and the reader is left to believe that Jefferson wrote the Declaration at Rosewell or at Gunston Hall according to which he is visiting. Text and pictures alike are pleasant to look over, and luxurious make-up renders the volume an ideal possession for any lover of colonial days in the Old Dominion.

FISKE KIMBALL.

#### RECENT FICTION.\*

There must be some great attraction in writing an imaginative biography. Mr. Bennett and Mr. Wells revived an interest in it not long ago, and for the last few years they have had many followers. Of course the idea is not new; "Robinson Crusoe," though we often do not remember it, begins at birth and only ends when Crusoe had got beyond the probability of adventure. "Tom Jones" was

but the first masterpiece of a long succession of books which began with the birth of somebody and ended at one place or another,—usually marriage. Among them have been some of the best English novels,—"David Copperfield," "Pendennis," "The Mill on the Floss"; and there are plenty more in other literatures as well as English. But until lately it has hardly been a favorite form with us. It certainly has some disadvantages for the reader, in spite of what must be advantage to the writer. It lacks the definite impression that may be made by an abler handling of plot, although it does give one a wide range of opportunity and call for corresponding abilities.

Mrs. Norris's "The Story of Julia Page" begins with Julia's very early days,—indeed it begins with her mother before there was any Julia. It goes on, not until Julia had become as old as Robinson Crusoe, but to the point where she seemed to have got over the main struggles of existence. For all this, there may be very good reasons. Mrs. Norris may have wished to show how a girl of poor beginnings, who wanted to conquer, could conquer, and that in a fine way, a fine place in American life. Or she may have wished to deal with one of the curious phases of married life, the effects of things done before marriage. Or she may have thought it interesting to present an example of the different standards by which people are likely to estimate certain of the shortcomings of men and women. All these things she does, and to do them she needed no narrower field than she has taken.

It may be thought that she would have not only hit the nail on the head but would have driven it home more effectively had she confined her attention (and ours) to one matter, and not have diffused both over so broad a field. But it is likely to be the way of the artist to get more interested in people than in problems, and it is likely enough to have been so with Mrs. Norris. At any rate, she has written an excellent book, full of very natural people of all sorts and also one rather unnatural one who by his eccentricity supplies the possibility for what is presumably the main thing in the book.

Julia's husband suddenly deserts her. We take the liberty to believe that his leaving his wife is as much a matter of convention as his coming back to her. But it takes all sorts of people to make up a world, and one need not deny the possibility of either. And if a young doctor was so emotional a person as to do the one thing, he would doubtless be quite emo-

\* THE STORY OF JULIA PAGE. By Kathleen Norris. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE BENT TWIG. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

PETER PARAGON. By John Palmer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

tional enough to do the other. Only he probably did more things of the same kind, so that the story of Julia Page was not really over when Mrs. Norris ceased to write. What we do have of it, however, is throughout good. There are plenty of phases of life in it, some crude or slovenly, some refined and easy, some a curious mixture, but all confidently and not too minutely descriptive, giving an excellent environment for many real people who do this and that, have their own pleasure and business, and now and then touch on what are called the deeper phases of life.

Miss Canfield, in "The Bent Twig," has as broad a view, but is more original. Mrs. Norris deals with matters one has heard of before,—rising in life, the double standard, life before marriage, and so on, and deals with them sincerely and truly. Miss Canfield presents new and unexpected ideas as she goes along, and as a rule something that she has got out of life for herself. It is perhaps rather conventional to pass from a State University town in the middle west to country life in the "cultured" east, and it certainly was daring (even late Victorian) to go on to dear Paris. But even the most original themes come from the same old notes; and after all, people have to be somewhere. We are sorry she could not have left out Botticelli, but that's a detail.

Miss Canfield has written a very fine book. At the beginning she appears particularly as a very clear observer, if sometimes a bit cold and even aloof and satirical. Her account of the democracy of the common schools would teach more concerning that interesting topic than many textbooks. Her explanation of why Sylvia was not elected to a fraternity is a more incisive arraignment of college life than one often hears in public. But these notes and much more in the earlier chapters are preliminary to the actual work of the novelist, the work of following people here and there in life and showing how it stirs them.

The book is called "The Bent Twig" because it tells how Sylvia's education was the result of her earlier life. She was born and brought up in what she subsequently called an unworldly home, adding mistakenly that it was artificial and a hothouse. Whatever it was, she would not allow herself to be hypnotized into looking at things through their eyes; so she had to get her own education in her own way, and she did. But she turned out much as her mother would have prophesied, had she been given to prophecy.

In such a book one sees and feels the attraction of the biography. It allows, it demands

so much. Just as one of Smollett's heroes, Peregrine Pickle say, peregrinates through a thousand pickles, so Miss Canfield can convey Sylvia through a perfect Odyssey of possibilities,—only whereas Smollett had merely to allow his imagination to play about the recollection of the violent practical jokes delightful to the eighteenth century, Miss Canfield has to conceive the possible blind alleys in an easy luxurious life of to-day. She does it, too; and if she does have a little of the aloofness just mentioned, it is not wonderful. There is something about "culture" in America, whether real or imaginary, that makes it impossible for people to take it quite seriously; it ought indeed to be worn lightly and humorously rather as a garment, with appreciation of its quality as a pose. Miss Canfield understands the whole thing; she is a little un pitying with the art she does not love, but allows herself to be indulgent toward the one she does. That gives variety and charm to what is otherwise immensely able and living. We will add no more encomiums, but they may readily be found in the advertisements, which (for this occasion only) are quite dependable.

"Peter Paragon," by Mr. John Palmer, is not much like these two save in that it is the story of a life. It is lighter in touch, for one thing. Mr. Palmer is content to sketch his background rather lightly, and gives no careful pictures of the different phases of life through which Peter makes his way, or rather, meanders about. He summarizes a good deal, and is content to tell on in a general way how things were without insisting on much detail. It is all done in a few touches, the family, the garden, school, Oxford, the farm, the country house, London life—politics, theatre, and so on,—but of course a fine sketch is something worth while. And after all, it is only the background that is sketched, doubtless of purpose. Peter is more substantial, and so is his mother. Nobody is very real, but they are real enough.

Still, it is not a very adequate account of Peter's life. There must have been a great deal that went to the making of him that we know nothing about, and that Mr. Palmer does not care to tell us. He is intent on the man only in the way he felt about woman. Peter was curiously fortunate in this respect,—after all, the thing is a love story, curiously conceived, with the two chief people seeing nothing of each other most of the time. Peter learned the theory of this very important, delightful, and mysterious side of life in a very happy way. "At an age when the secrets of life are the subject of uneasy curiosity at

best, and at worst of thoughtless defamation, Peter and Miranda talked of them as they talked of their bees." That seems nice, if somewhat unusual. The practical part came otherwise,—Peter had to learn that by himself, some of it at least, at Oxford, in the country, in London. Such learning might have been accomplished in various ways: Peter was again fortunate in having a very strong desire for nothing but the very best. He might have been satisfied with that enemy of the very best, the good, or what seemed so, or even with the bad. But he was not; he would have only the very best. It is a bit of idealism, after all. Not that there are no such men. There are, and it is well to hear of one of them. Some people take the easier course, and tell of more ordinary men. Peter was an idealist; he wanted to put his whole soul into his life, and that he couldn't do,—until he could. To make that matter clear, Mr. Palmer gives up everything else; there is not more plot than background, and what there is—the return of Miranda—is about as natural and probable as the end of "The Vicar of Wakefield."

Still, these matters (though proper to note) one can accept in such a book. For myself, I cannot but feel how much more powerful the book would be if we had the whole thing fully developed, as Mrs. Norris and Miss Canfield have developed their ideas,—all the people and places, all the detail, or rather not all but more than we have, a fuller and richer picture. But that was not Mr. Palmer's way; he is more delicate.

What variety of phases and forms of human life and character such books give us! There is no experience so strange and out of the way or so common and well-known as not to find a place somewhere. Our earlier novelists put into such books all kinds of things that would amuse, or charm, or please, or excite, or perhaps merely relieve the tedium of labor or existence. Our own writers use it also to enlarge the sympathy and knowledge, to arouse our thoughts in life, to suggest ways out of hard places, and for the hundred other things that have come into fiction as its field has grown. These books we have been speaking of are examples: they give not only the difficulties and adventures of manhood and womanhood, but the griefs and joys and difficulties of childhood and of youth; they give not only life in one place but in different places, not only in one social surrounding but in others, for few lives are so monotonous as to pass always in the same surroundings, so that the enlarging variety possible in other novels is necessary in this. Such novels give

us the true form for this particular age of ours,—certainly the great majority of the best novels of recent years come to mind as we think of the matter. Perhaps the form calls for the greatest skill; certainly it gets it.

Yet one must acknowledge, too, that there are dangers as well as opportunities. There is the temptation to lose all thought of what the academic mind calls a plot. "Real life has no beginning and no end," says Mr. Patrick MacGill, who cuts off "slices of life"—(or something very like it; I quote from memory)—and whether that be so or not, such books as these are often mere collections of human experience, moulded only in a very general way by any preconceived plan. The books we have been speaking of are undoubtedly modelled with care; Miss Canfield's especially carries us on and on with a sense of necessity that tells finely. But a good many of the novels of this kind that come readily to mind are by no means so definite. Mr. Lawrence's "Sons and Lovers" is a book of real beauty, but I cannot easily see why it begins where it does or ends where it does, or why it has in it just what it has. Mr. Lawrence probably feels that it should have exactly what it has; but I (the average reader) do not. So with Mr. Coningsby Dawson's "Garden without Walls," which also had much that was beautiful in it. Why did it have just what it had and nothing else? And the same thing may be asked of a hundred other books of later years.

But such talk of plot or story may seem idle if the book be interesting. Mr. Wells says that "the assumption that the novel, like the story, aims at a single, concentrated impression" is a "fallacy." I think not. I think that a novel can make a great and lasting impression, and sometimes does; and that in making such an impression construction plays a great part. Hence we have from "Jane Eyre," for example, or "The House of Mirth," a certain intense experience of the emotions that has few equals in the life of art. But this is no place to discuss such matters; even lacking that fine impression,—and the story of a life generally does lack it,—there is certainly much else that many people like just as well.

EDWARD E. HALE.

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"Promotion of Learning in India" by Narendra Nath Law, with an Introduction by the Venerable Walter K. Firminger, B.D., is announced by Messrs. Longmans. The volume gives a connected history of the educational activities of the Europeans in India up to about 1800 A.D.



## HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS.

## III.

## BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

On the eighteenth of this month Dr. Lyman Abbott attained the age of eighty, and he looks back upon sixty years' activity as preacher, editor, author, and lecturer. That period, rich in experience and teeming with associations of many kinds, furnishes matter for a goodly volume of five hundred pages, with the little distinctive but always alluring title, "Reminiscences" (Houghton). The son of Jacob Abbott, familiar to our childhood by reason of his "Rollo Books" and his "Lucy Books," and the nephew of John S. C. Abbott, dear to our somewhat later years because of his entrancing "History of Napoleon Bonaparte," the author of these retrospections cannot fail to appeal to our interest, and his chapters are indeed of that anecdotal, genially personal, ripely reflective, and, not least of all, moralizing and sermonizing quality which was looked for with confident expectation. Men and events of importance are introduced in every chapter, and the whole is a thesaurus of variously interesting reading. Portraits and other illustrations abound, and an unusually full index closes the book.

In a "foreword" to his "Memories of India" (David McKay), Sir Robert Baden-Powell, distinguished military officer and head of the Boy Scout Movement, says: "Perhaps the only redeeming point about these 'Memories' is that they are largely extracted from diaries and letters which were not written with the idea of anyone ever seeing them except my mother. To some extent they tell directly against me, since they show me to have been just the ordinary silly young ass who enjoyed senseless ragging, was fond of dogs and horses, and thought very little as he went through the ordinary every-day experience of a subaltern in India. There is nothing very romantic or very exciting about them, and there is much that is silly, but at the same time such things have, I think, seldom been set down in writing just as they occurred to one at the time." But one must not be led astray by this English air of ostentatious irresponsibility; for the young officer was evidently doing a lot of hard working and clear thinking all the time. The topics treated range from "The Afghan War" to "Lemon Pudding and Mustard," through every conceivable intermediary subject. The author has a vivacious pen, and the ubiquitous black-and-white illustrations bear witness to a ready and gifted pencil, as do the eighteen colored plates also.

In her eighty-fifth year Mrs. Amelia E. Barr publishes the reflections and counsels and placid retrospections of her serene old age, under the title, "Three Score and Ten" (Appleton). Why she did not make it "Four Score and Five" she does not explain, but the book supplements her recent autobiography in a manner very acceptable to those interested in her spiritual experiences as distinguished from the more stirring outward events of her busy and fruitful life. That her

faith in the things unseen shows itself here and there in her pages as something akin to spiritualism, need trouble only the carnally minded; it is all beautiful and significant as she puts it before us with a sort of noble unreserve. Should any harsh critic of her book as a whole object that she had given us her best wine first, in her autobiography, and that here we have little more than the rinsings of the bottle, her admirers might fitly retort, "Is not the gleanings of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abiezer?"

The "Heroes of the Nations" series (Putnam), a venture which for some time has provided an ever-growing collection of scholarly and readable biographies of the more prominent characters of history, seems to have come to a close. Two recent biographical studies, "Alfred the Truthteller" by Miss Bertha Lees, and "Isabel of Castile" by Miss Ierne Plunket, which seem to have been originally planned for this series, have been published in a somewhat different form and without the serial title. The new volumes are larger and more attractive, and have no footnotes; otherwise the contents are of the same general type as in the earlier volumes. Miss Plunket's biography of Queen Isabel is in every way worthy of a place in any series that aims to record the achievements of great men and women. Isabel of Castile is a person of great importance not only for the history of Spain but of the modern world as well. Her marriage to Ferdinand of Aragon made possible the creation of the Spanish monarchy, which for a hundred years was the greatest power in the world. The subject of Isabella's career is one that readily lends itself to eulogistic treatment; but the author cannot be charged with having given the strenuous queen greater praise than her deeds have earned for her. Forty-five excellent illustrations, chiefly portraits, and a map of the Spanish peninsula in the fifteenth century, add materially to the interest and value of the work.

Good company and good anecdotes are to be found in plenty between the covers of Mr. Alfred Capper's reminiscent volume, "A Rambler's Recollections and Reflections" (Scribner). For thirty years and more Mr. Capper has been a public entertainer, and has appeared as such before most of the royalties of Europe, not to mention the nobility, gentry, and common people. He is a thought-reader, and though he confesses he does not know how he does them, he has the reputation of doing some very extraordinary things at his entertainments, about which and about the celebrated men and women he has met in his professional journeyings he writes in a manner that few will fail to find interesting. His reminiscences are of the sort that the late Marshall P. Wilder and Mr. Weedon Grossmith have so successfully offered to their willing readers. The author's portrait and other illustrations are inserted.

The reader of Mr. Poultney Bigelow's "Prussian Memories" (Putnam) might be tempted to accuse the author of discursiveness, were it not that the latter has disarmed such criticism by a frank avowal of his intention to be garrulous. His book

is disjointed, gossippy, at times irrelevant, but altogether delightful. Mr. Bigelow has that proper sense of humor which consists in seeing things (including one's self) in their true proportions. Though he is a cosmopolitan globe-trotter, who has lived long in Germany and loved it, he acknowledges that the English-speaking world is his home. Mr. Bigelow's acquaintance with Prussia began in 1864, when at eight years of age he was put into a boarding-school at Bonn. His friendship with William II was formed a little later, when the boys became playmates at Potsdam; it lasted until the publication in 1896 of Mr. Bigelow's "History of the German Struggle for Liberty," which gave offence to the imperial family pride and self-esteem. The sprightly character of these reminiscences is greatly enhanced by the author's pungent style.

Fishing and finance, chasing the elusive dollar in Wall Street and the wild buffalo on the western plains, amassing and losing successive fortunes, and between whiles yielding to the call of the wild—such have been the lifelong activities of Mr. Anthony W. Dimock, as narrated by him with much vivacity in "Wall Street and the Wilds" (Outing Co.). Between a New England boyhood as the son of a country parson, and the vicissitudes of a Wall Street financier dealing in millions and controlling steamship companies and telegraph lines, the contrast is sharp enough to satisfy anybody; and indeed the whole story is one of ups and downs, varied by the wholesome delights of life in the open. It is a remarkable record and an absorbingly interesting one, enlivened to the eye by numerous camera views, some of them the product of the author's own skill as a photographer, in which capacity he is said to have been the first to achieve success in photographing live wild animals.

A distinguished Vermonter, son and grandson of eminent Vermonters, is introduced to the reader in the "Life, Diary, and Letters of Oscar Lovell Shafter, Associate Justice Supreme Court of California, January 1, 1864, to December 31, 1868." The book is further described as "a daughter's tribute to a father's memory," and is "edited for Emma Shafter-Howard by Flora Haines Lough-eed." The subject of the biography was born in 1812 and died in 1873, so that to younger readers this chronicle will seem almost like ancient history. But it is related almost wholly in the first person, and hence is not without vitality. A long list of "decisions written by Judge Shafter" is appended. Portraits and other illustrations are interspersed. Mr. John J. Newbegin of San Francisco publishes the book.

#### TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

Certain recent events, as the erection of a Stevenson memorial at Saranac, and the death of Dr. Trudeau, Stevenson's physician at that resort of consumptives, have directed public attention once more to the meteoric course of that rare genius during his too-short sojourn on our planet. Seasonable, therefore, is the appearance of Mr. Clayton Hamilton's "On the Trail of Stevenson"

(Doubleday), a spacious octavo illustrated by Mr. Walter Hale in his well-known skilful and attractive manner, and conducting the reader to haunts of Stevenson in "Edinburgh, the rest of Scotland, England, France, the rest of Europe, the United States." To Vailima and his death-bed the author does not follow his hero, honestly confessing that he has not pursued that trail, but holding out hope that "some day we may see the Isle of Upolu arising from the sea." It is a good book with which to refresh one's memory of R. L. S., his rather erratic journeyings, and his lovable eccentricities.

That enthusiastic admirer of and writer on the scenic attractions of our great country, Mr. George Wharton James, again asks his readers to enjoy with him some of these marvels, in a richly illustrated volume entitled "Our American Wonderlands" (McClurg). His purpose, he explains, is, "briefly and vividly, without entering into too much detail, to give the reader living glimpses of what America offers of antiquarian, scenic, geologic, and ethnologic interest." Mountain scenery, natural bridges, stupendous glaciers, thundering cascades, prehistoric cliff dwellings, giant trees, native tribes and their tribal customs, with much else that cannot possibly be seen from a car-window, are described and pictured in this alluring volume, which the author rightly thinks ought just at this time, when Europe is so largely closed to the tourist, to exert an influence in making Americans see America first. A useful map showing the regions described covers the end-leaves, the camera views are nearly half as many as the pages of the book, and an index is added. Mr. James's especial fitness for the preparation of such a volume has already been more than once demonstrated.

Like a piece of time-worn tapestry, tattered and faded, and here and there showing the stitches of an attempted restoration, but a thing of wonderful beauty nevertheless, Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney's "Romance of Old Belgium" pleases at the same time that it awakens regrets. Its sub-title, "From Caesar to Kaiser," indicates the scope of the work. From dim antiquity it comes down to our own day when, as the writer phrases it, we "tread the trail of the 'Devastating Hun,' and look upon the results of his 'appalling world crime.'" Ninety illustrations—buildings, ruins, portraits, paintings—enrich the volume, which also draws upon many historical and literary sources for its substance. A collaborator, named on the title-page as Frère Champney, has assisted Mrs. Champney in her work, which is by no means the first of the sort from her prolific pen. One cannot turn her pages and look at the accompanying pictures without praying with her that "a federation of the world shall establish a universal republic, which will make the Game of Kings forever impossible."

Miss Gertrude H. Beggs's "The Four in Crete" (Abingdon Press) is the account of a visit from Athens to the sites of ancient Ægean civilization at Knossos, Phaistos, and Hagia Triada. The "four" are "The Western Woman," "The Sage," "The Scholar," and "The Coffee Angel." The

Scholar's informal and edifying discourses among the ruins give the book its body, whose naked usefulness is partially covered and more or less adorned with the narrative of such light adventure as is usual to travellers in company by sea and land in Mediterranean regions. "The Four in Crete" is like other double-purpose books: both its purposes suffer from the combination. It is neither the best entertainment nor the best instruction. However, it affords the general reader an easy and pleasant, if somewhat slight, means of becoming acquainted with the work of Evans and Halbherr at their respective sites, and with the very interesting life which their discoveries have brought to light. The thirty-one illustrations, chiefly from "The Western Woman's" camera, are very good.

Languorous delights are by no means the sum and substance of Mr. A. Hyatt Verrill's book, "Isles of Spice and Palm" (Appleton). He maintains that the Lesser Antilles, which are the spicy and palmy islands referred to, are more bracing in their summer temperature, especially among the mountains of the interior, than are many of our northern towns, as of course they are milder in winter and of a more equable temperature at all times. How to enjoy oneself sanely and inexpensively in one or more of the crescent of islets stretching from Porto Rico to Venezuela is agreeably told, with liberal accompaniment of illustrations, in this compact volume. Seventy pages or more of "facts and figures," alphabetically arranged, form a useful appendix, while the general information scattered through the book is not inconsiderable.

"Kipling's India," by Dr. Arley Munson, is exactly the inviting sort of book implied by the title. There are forty-five excellent photographic illustrations, with two hundred pages of text giving the passages from Kipling associated with the scenes depicted. The volume will make many readers keen to return to their Kipling, and has helped to make at least one reviewer keen to return to India. The publishers (Doubleday, Page & Co.) have given the book a handsome setting.

#### ART AND MUSIC.

The point of view of Mr. Walter A. Dyer in his book on "Early American Craftsmen" (Century Co.) is that of the collector of antiques who has yielded to the reaction towards "Americana" and interest in the things produced in the western world a century and more ago. His expressed intention is to study the crafts of those days through the craftsmen who produced the notable work of the period. It is a valuable service that Mr. Dyer has performed in rescuing from oblivion such men as Samuel McIntire, the master carpenter of Salem; Duncan Phyfe, the cabinet-maker; and the so-called "Baron" Stiegel, maker of beautiful glass in the Revolutionary period. Of especial interest is the record of the many-sided interests of Paul Revere, and of the contribution which he made to our industrial art history. If Mr. Dyer loses sight of the individual craftsmen in some of the other chapters, these latter are none

the less of interest and value to collectors of "Americana." Such chapters are those on Duncan Phyfe's furniture, on Windsor chairs, clocks made by famous clock-makers in Connecticut and elsewhere, Stiegel's glassware, the silver ware of Paul Revere, the work of the pewterers and braisiers, and the Bennington pottery; all of these contain references to existing collections, warnings to collectors regarding counterfeits, and advice as to prices. The volume is profusely illustrated with photographic reproductions, chiefly of articles of craftsmanship; and in addition there are charming little drawings at the beginning and end of each chapter.

Even to an unmusical person Mr. Arthur Elson's encyclopedic work, "The Book of Musical Knowledge" (Houghton), is intelligible and interesting. It devotes itself to "the history, technique, and appreciation of music, together with lives of the great composers," is well illustrated, and runs to the length of six hundred large pages. In the author's words, it "has been written with the idea of enabling the non-musician to comprehend the real meaning of the tonal art, and to familiarize himself with the value of the great composers' works, the use of the instruments, the various musical forms, and a number of subjects of similar importance." Appended are a glossary of musical terms, "a course of study, with references," and a full index. So comprehensive and popularly useful a work of this sort, in a single volume, has not, to our knowledge, ever before appeared in English.

Such thoroughly Japanese arts as flower-arrangement and tea-ceremony are so strange to the western world that no little curiosity moves us as we open Miss Mary Averill's lavishly illustrated book on "The Flower Art of Japan" (Lane), a companion volume to her recent "Japanese Flower Arrangement," or, perhaps better, a continuation of that work. There seem to be countless schools of this floral art, though that called "Ikenobu," dating back twelve hundred years, is the one in highest favor. So, at least, we infer from the book before us; and it is to this school and one other, "Ko-Shin-Ryu," that Miss Averill says she owes her greatest inspiration. A skilful artist, not named but evidently Japanese, has given liberal assistance in making intelligible to the reader the fundamentals of flower-arrangement. There are seventy-five illustrations, of which one is in color.

One hundred and ten grand operas, including, it is alleged, all that have been presented in the last five seasons in the four opera centres of the eastern United States—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston—and also half a dozen whose revival or first production in this country is announced for the coming season, are given in outline by Miss Edith B. Ordway in "The Opera Book" (Sully & Kleinteich). The story of each is told act by act, each is characterized as tragic, comic, fairy, allegorical, sentimental, or heroic; but all are classed under "grand" opera inasmuch as every word is sung and the recitative is usually



accompanied by the orchestra. Useful and carefully verified data are given (not is given, as the preface announces) under each title, portraits of famous singers in costume are inserted, a list of composers is added, and welcome aids to the pronunciation of foreign names find a place both in the body of the book and in the concluding index.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Unique in every aspect among the season's gift-books is a thin quarto entitled "The Ballet of the Nations" (Putnam), by the distinguished writer known as "Vernon Lee." Described on the title-page as "a present-day morality," the text is a powerfully caustic allegory in which the Great War is presented as a grand ballet, staged by Death, with Satan for impresario. The orchestra is first assembled. Fear, with "her shabby restless twins," Suspicion and Panic, take their places; "my Lady Idealism and my young Prince Adventure" are next induced to join; "Sin, whom the gods call Disease," with her attendant crew of Rapine, Lust, Murder, and Famine, are not long in following; and next come Hatred with Self-Righteousness, "who pretend not to be acquainted." Two late-comers, Madam Science and Councillor Organization, at first taken by Ballet-Master Death for alien spies, are soon recognized as indispensable collaborators. Lastly appears Heroism, the foremost musician of them all. The nations then assemble, and to the compelling strains of the orchestra of human passions they begin their wild dance, in which they mutilate and dismember one another. As their efforts flag through exhaustion, Impresario Satan cunningly introduces two fresh musicians, Pity and Indignation, whose stirring notes revive the dancers to a new and madder frenzy of mutual extermination. This is only the baldest outline of what is truly a masterpiece of satiric allegory. The very essence of the present war, stripped of its cloak of surface appearances and befuddling sophistries, is here presented. A fitting and artistic "pictorial accompaniment" is provided by Maxwell Armfield in a series of decorative page borders, printed in red, and done in the manner of old Greek vase paintings. There is a striking cover design as well.

Camera views, some in color, of notable private gardens in many parts of our broad land make up the bulk of Miss Louise Shelton's sumptuous quarto, "Beautiful Gardens in America" (Scribner). Vancouver Island, just beyond our border, is represented by two illustrations, and even Alaska has a brief chapter to itself, though no Alaskan gardens find place among the pictures. Imitations of European horticultural formalism, heavily adorned with marble or other stone constructions, have been for the most part excluded from the book, which is designed "to present, more particularly, another type of garden, demonstrating the cultured American's love of beauty expressed through plant life rather than in stone." The garden as expressive of personality has been the quest of the compiler, and a good measure of success has attended her search.

Striking in its title and thought-evoking in its contents, Mr. Stephen Graham's latest book, "The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary" (Macmillan) is characterized by him as "an interpretation and a survey of Eastern Christianity, and a consideration of the ideas at present to the fore in Christianity generally." It is also, as its name implies, a book of contrasts: the way of Martha he considers to be the way of the West, that of Mary the way of the East. By the East the author means preëminently Russia. In Russia, which he knows as few Englishmen know that country, his book seems to have been written, and it contributes not a little to our knowledge of things Russian. Its breadth of view may be illustrated by this utterance, with which the volume closes: "So two churches combine to make one truth, and the hand-maidens of the Lord, Martha and Mary, are shown to be indeed two sisters, not only in kindred but in spirit."

Twenty-two years ago Mrs. William Starr Dana rendered a service to American flower-lovers who were not also expert botanists by issuing a manual that has since been taken as a model by many successful imitators of Mrs. Dana's method. "Wild Flowers of the North American Mountains" (McBride), by Mrs. Julia W. Henshaw, is the latest successor to "How to Know the Wild Flowers," its arrangement of the flowers in color-groups, its preliminary aids, its index to scientific names, and its list of common names, all being very much in the manner of that pioneer work. But it should be added in its praise that it goes a step further: it has many strikingly beautiful colored plates in addition to the simple half-tones, and it devotes forty-four pages to a "general key to the families." The ferns and fern-allies, the trees, and the reeds, grasses, sedges, and rushes are taken up before the more important and more numerous flowering plants proper, these last, as already indicated, being roughly grouped according to color for the convenience of the laity. It is a valuable supplement, with some inevitable overlappings, to earlier works of like character; and within its own domain it can well stand alone on its peculiar merits.

Few have practised more industriously or successfully than Mr. Clifton Johnson the art of interviewing our country folk and reproducing the results in literary form, as is abundantly shown in his series of American travel books. Now he offers fresh proof of his skill by bringing forth a volume of eye-witness accounts, taken for the most part from the lips of rustic narrators on or near the scene of action, of "Battleground Adventures in the Civil War" (Houghton), a book that will appeal strongly to boys and also to many older readers, especially those whose recollections go back to war times. His quest for original material has taken him to Harper's Ferry, Bull Run, Shiloh, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, the Wilderness, Cold Harbor, Atlanta, and the Shenandoah Valley. Aged men and women, white and black, have been called upon to revive their memories of the great conflict of half a cen-

tury ago; and if it be true that nothing so conduces to peace as a full recognition of the horrors of war, the book is a fit offering at this Christmas season. Mr. Rodney Thomson vividly illustrates it with colored drawings.

With the new year it will be half a century since "The Dream of Gerontius" came from Cardinal Newman's hand, a noble poem barely saved from the waste-paper basket by a discerning intercessor, as the perhaps mythical account of its origin would have us believe. Fitting enough is it, at any rate, that the poem should have a semi-centennial re-issue in worthy form, and this re-issue is to be noted among the season's publications of the John Lane Co. Miss Stella Langdale illustrates the volume with ten drawings that well reflect the sentiment of the poem, and Mr. Gordon Tidy writes a bibliographic and appreciative introduction that fills half the book. It is safe to say that no previous edition of this fine product of Newman's genius can compare with the present one.

Lincoln's lyceum lecture of 1860 on "Discoveries and Inventions," a discourse delivered by him in various places about Springfield, Illinois, and in Springfield itself, a short time before his call to far more arduous duties than lecturing to rural audiences, is now for the first time made into a book all by itself and offered for sale by Mr. John Howell of San Francisco. Its interest for us now lies chiefly in its revelation of its writer's range of reading and inquiry, in the proof it offers of his debt to the Bible for both thought and language, and in its excellence as an example of his clear and simple and at the same time sufficiently ornate, sufficiently picturesque mode of expression. A "prefatory note" gives the interesting history of the original manuscript of this lecture, and from that manuscript the lecture is printed.

Mr. Ian Hay, or, to be accurate, Captain Ian Hay Beith of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, wrote not very long ago some lifelike sketches of schoolboy life for "Blackwood's Magazine," and they are now gathered into a book and named, collectively, "The Lighter Side of School Life." Mr. Lewis Baumer furnishes a dozen good pastel drawings, here reproduced in color, to accompany the tales or sketches, and the whole makes an excellent contribution to a class of literature that has been deservedly popular ever since Tom Brown of Rugby came into being. This book is published in America by Mr. LeRoy Phillips of Boston. It is a good gift-book for young or old.

In the cab of a monster express engine, amid the glare and heat and din of a steel foundry, at the side of a leviathan of the deep just starting down the ways, in the power-house of a great electric plant, on the dizzy staging of a skyscraper in course of construction, and in divers other more or less perilous and exciting positions, Mr. Joseph Husband has gathered the material for his "America at Work" (Houghton), a realistic presentation of the toils and struggles and dangers of men who wrestle with the forces not only of nature, but of nature and human inventiveness combined. The author will be remembered as the

narrator of "A Year in a Coal Mine," and this second essay in the romance of industry will not lessen his popularity.

He who seeks to array his soul, as Plato expresses it, in her own proper jewels, which are temperance, justice, courage, nobility, and truth, will find help in Dr. Elwood Worcester's little book, "The Issues of Life" (Moffat). Nine years' experience in watching the moral and physical regenerative effects of high thinking has qualified the author to speak with understanding and persuasiveness on such topics as the following (from the book's table of contents): "Keeping Our Hearts," "Thought and Work," "The Loneliness of the Soul," "Revelations," "Our Spiritual Faculties," and "Religion and Neglect." To all devout souls the essence of religion is the same; hence the cordial assent which thousands of readers of nominally different creeds will be able to give to the truth stated with the force of personal experience by the Rector of Emmanuel Church.

Three hundred and sixty-five little sermons, each a page long or less, and each assigned to a particular day of the year, with a bit of verse instead of a sermon for Christmas, make up the contents of the gift-book entitled "Every Day" (American Tract Society), by Mr. Edgar Whitaker Work. Each discourse is headed by a scriptural quotation from which it takes its keynote, and the admirable quality of brevity, of pithy compactness, marks every one of these sermonettes.

An anthology of dog poetry — not doggerel, but metrical compositions on dogs — thirty-two selections in all, by Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Matthew Arnold, Richard Watson Gilder, Louise Imogen Guiney, and later writers, has been compiled by Mr. Lincoln Newton Kinnicutt, and entitled "To Your Dog and to My Dog" (Houghton). Fine linen paper, broad margins, frequent blank pages for the insertion of additional poems, a space reserved on the cover for the portrait of one's own dog — these and other material details combine to make the volume pleasing to the eye and acceptable to the book-lover. A preface to the "dear dogs" explains the compiler's purpose and shows him to be a discerning appreciator of canine excellence.

A group of little books more or less appropriate to the Christmas season, and all suitable as Christmas gifts, must here be noticed with extreme brevity. Mr. Harold Speakman illustrates in color and decorates in gilt "The First Christmas" (Abingdon Press), being the scriptural account of the birth of Christ. The book is a little gem of art, beautifully printed and pleasing in every respect. — "The Glad Hand, and Other Grips on Life" (McClurg), by Mr. Humphrey J. Desmond, combines the cheeriness expected and desired at this season with the reflective wisdom welcome at all times. Its arrangement is by non-consecutive paragraphs grouped under nine headings, suggestive of the "infinitely repellent particles" of Emerson's essays. — A diverting little book has been made by Mr. Laurens Maynard in the shape of a collection of poems having to do with evolution.

"Evolution: A Fantasy," by Mr. Langdon Smith, opens the book and gives it its title; and this familiar skit (it begins, "When you were a tadpole and I was a fish") is followed by a variety of verses, both frolicsome and serious, by various authors. (John W. Luce & Co.).—"Cupid's Capers" (Dutton) is a book of rollicking verse by Miss Lillian Gardner, illustrated in color, and amusingly descriptive of the pleasures and pains of love.—Mrs. Helen S. Woodruff's Christmas story is this year entitled "Mr. Doctor Man" (Doran), being the tale of a philanthropic physician who, after years of unselfish service, finds his old sweetheart, and all ends happily. A winsome child patient plays a leading part in the little drama, and it is for the benefit of children's hospitals that the book is written and published.—"The Folly of the Three Wise Men" (Doran), by Mr. Edgar Whitaker Work, is a variant of the familiar legend of the following of the star to find the new-born Messiah. Because these wise men were too eager in their pursuit to pause even for the simplest offices of charity they nearly failed in their quest; but the appeal of a forlorn little shepherd boy, lost and hurt, saves them. The story is illustrated and decorated.—A love story of the Kansas prairie is well told by Miss Margaret Hill McCarter in "The Corner Stone" (McClurg), in which Edith Grannell and Homer Helm seem fair in each other's eyes and, after certain difficulties and misunderstandings have been overcome and cleared away, are happily wedded. The little book is daintily decorated, has a colored frontispiece, and is artistically boxed.—"Into His Own" (McKay) is a dog story by Mr. Clarence B. Kelland, who follows the fortunes of a thoroughbred Airedale from a despised puppyhood to an honored maturity, telling the tale in the first person, from the dog-hero's point of view. It is a touching story, well told, and adorned with the Airedale's portrait, photographed from life.—A pathetic tale in dialect, with title in dialect, "When Hannah Var Eight Yar Old" (Stokes), is told by Mrs. Katherine Peabody Girling. Hannah, a Swedish girl, is made to describe her hard experiences during her mother's illness and after her death, in the home country, before Hannah, "a big girl eight yar old," came to America. It is a story of humble heroism that goes to the reader's heart. Illustrations and decorations increase its attractiveness to the eye.—"The Man Who Was Too Busy to Find the Child" (Abingdon Press), by Mr. Lucius H. Bugbee, is the story of Ben David, who was blind and deaf to his blessed opportunities until, on the very day of the crucifixion, he awoke to a sense of his obtuseness. The obvious moral stands out clearly. Two illustrations are inserted, and an ornamental paper cover encloses the score of pages containing the story.—Captain Ian Hay Beith, better known as Ian Hay, chronicles the history of "Scally" (Houghton), which is sub-titled "The Story of a Perfect Gentleman." Excalibur is the full name of the hero, who is a dog, snatched from a watery grave in puppyhood. His memorable deeds, with a love-story interwoven, fill nine short chapters, and many

readers will wish there were more. Scally is portrayed in the frontispiece.—An animal story of a different sort, entitled "The Little Red Doe" (Little, Brown & Co.), by Mr. Chauncey J. Hawkins, gives us the life and doings and pathetic death of a very ingratiating creature of the Maine forest, with excellent pictures by Mr. Charles Cope-land. Rough lumbermen are softened by their feeling for the little red doe, and gallantly resolve to avenge her death; whereby hangs a tale too long to be given here.—Mrs. Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews's war story, "The Three Things," having won success in less permanent shape, now comes out in book form from the publishing house of Little, Brown & Co. Class pride, unbelief, and race prejudice were the three things not quite as they should have been in the hero, Philip Landicutt, who however had such passionate pity for the oppressed that he threw himself into the struggle for Belgium's emancipation, and there lost his class pride, his unbelief, his race prejudice. Other events, too, enrich the story, which furthermore has the merit of brevity, being but little more than fifty pages in length.—"Robin the Bobbin" (Harper), by a writer designated as "Vale Downie," is the story of a blind piano-tuner, an elderly and (wonderful to relate) rich inventor, a boy, Tom Bunting, who turns out to be the lost Robin, and a few other characters. The mystery and the interest centre themselves in the boy Tom, and of course all is cleared up in the end, and everyone is happy. Two pictures enliven the narrative.—New England stories are almost invariable favorites with readers, provided they are well told, and it is safe to predict that "Blue Gingham Folks" (Abingdon Press), by Miss Dorothy Donnell Calhoun, will receive the appreciation it deserves. It is a collection of Yankee tales, character sketches they might perhaps better be called, with a flavor that is genuinely New England. Local dialect abounds, and a few drawings help to make the reader better acquainted with the various personages of the book.—In "The Heart of Lincoln" (Jacobs) we have a series of more or less authentic anecdotes and reminiscences concerning the War President. They illustrate the warmth and tenderness of his feelings, and make him a very human, very lovable person. Mr. Wayne Whipple is the compiler, and an unnamed artist supplies a portrait of Lincoln.—"Jimsy the Christmas Kid" (McBride) is a typical Christmas tale. In it Miss Leona Dalrymple relates the adventures of a waif who wins the hearts of a crusty bank-president and his amiable wife, and is finally received into the family as a permanent resident. The little volume is attractively illustrated and beautifully decorated.—Mr. Irvin S. Cobb, home from the war and temporarily out of more thrilling themes, turns to amusing account his attack of appendicitis and the operation therefor. "Speaking of Operations" (Doran) makes the most of the rather abundant opportunity for sarcastic and facetious comment that is offered to a shrewdly observant surgical patient in an up-to-date hospital; and it does so with the help of illustrations almost as provocative of smiles as is the little story itself.



## NOTES.

"The Note-Book of a Neutral," by Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson, is announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Duffield.

"Justice in War Time," by Mr. Bertrand Russell, is a volume promised for early publication by the Open Court Publishing Co.

A new novel by Mr. Henry Kitchell Webster, entitled "The Real Adventure," is scheduled for early issue by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"The Stranger's Wedding" is the title of a forthcoming novel by Mr. W. L. George, which Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. will issue.

A new volume of verse by Mr. Lee Wilson Dodd, "The Middle Miles, and Other Poems," will come shortly from the Yale University Press.

A volume of plays by Mr. Theodore Dreiser, entitled "Plays of the Natural and Supernatural," will be issued by John Lane Co. in January.

"The Foreign Relations of the United States," by Professor Willis Fletcher Johnson, is an historical work announced for publication early in the new year by the Century Co.

Miss Viola Meynell has finished a new novel, "Narcissus," to be published early in January. During that month also will appear Mr. Hugh Walpole's new novel, "The Dark Forest," an outcome of the author's recent experiences at the Russian scene of action.

Among other new importations of the house of Scribner the following are promised: "Form and Colour," by Mr. Lisle March Philipps; "A Frenchman's Thoughts on the War," by M. Paul Sabatier; and "A Short History of English Rural Life," by Mr. Montague Fordham.

Miss Marie Van Vorst, who has been delivering lectures in America for the benefit of the American Ambulance in France, has written an account of her personal work with the Red Cross, which John Lane Co. will publish shortly under the title, "War Letters of an American Woman."

Among other volumes immediately forthcoming from the Oxford University Press are: "The Evolution of Prussia," by Messrs. J. A. R. Marriott and C. Grant Robertson; an illustrated edition of Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth"; and "The Rise of English Literary Prose," by Mr. George Philip Krapp.

Mr. George Moore has in preparation a romance of the Holy Land entitled "The Brook Kerith," which has for its principal characters Jesus Christ, Paul of Tarsus, and Joseph of Arimathea. The story is written around legends which have been current for many centuries, though not to be found in the Gospels, and the local color was drawn by the author on the spot.

A psychological contribution to the literature of the war will shortly be published in a work entitled "War and the Ideal of Peace," described in the subtitle as "a study of those characteristics of man that result in war, and of the means by which they may be controlled," by Dr. H. Rutgers Marshall.

The author discusses, among other problems, "The Law of Strife and the Ideal of Peace," "The Moral and Religious Issues," and "Natural Law and Creativeness."

Among the elaborately illustrated gift-books of the season are the following, published by Messrs. Doran: "Picture Book for the French Red Cross," illustrated in color by Mr. Edmund Dulac, with verses translated from the Old French and tales from the "Arabian Nights"; "Rabbi Ben Ezra, and Other Poems from Robert Browning," illustrated by Mr. Bernard Partridge; and "The Book of Old English Songs and Ballads," illustrated in color by Miss Eleanor F. Brickdale.

An exhaustive study of "Lombard Architecture," by Mr. Arthur Kingsley Porter, is to be published by the Yale University Press in four volumes. The first of these, consisting of plates, mostly from photographs taken by the author, is now nearly ready. The three remaining volumes will be devoted to text. One phase of the subject was dealt with by the author in a volume issued by the same press in 1911 under the title "The Construction of Lombard and Gothic Vaults."

"Letters from America" by the late Rupert Brooke is announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Scribner. These letters were written to an English newspaper two or three years ago, and in the volume is included a paper written at the outbreak of the war, and giving a glimpse of the effect of the sudden crisis on the mind of a young Englishman. A sympathetic introduction and appreciation is furnished by Mr. Henry James, and the frontispiece consists of a new portrait in photogravure.

Mr. A. H. de Tremaudan has written an account of the Hudson Bay Railway, now under construction between Pass Manitoba to Port Nelson, which Messrs. Dutton will publish under the title, "The Hudson Bay Road." Among other volumes soon to come from the same house are: "The Appeal of the Picture," by Mr. F. C. Tilney; "Eleutherios Venezelos: His Life and His Work," by Dr. G. Kerofilos; and "Old Familiar Faces" and "Poetry and the Renaissance of Wonder," by Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton.

The immediately forthcoming books of Messrs. Putnam include a study of "Social Freedom," by Elsie Clews Parsons, who, as in her earlier books on "The Family" and "The Old-Fashioned Woman," draws freely on the customs and regulations of earlier and primitive societies by way of comparison or contrast with existing conditions; "Curiosities in Proverbs," by Mr. Dwight Edwards Marvin, containing over 2000 translated folk-sayings, gathered from seventy and more languages and dialects, with explanatory notes, lists of allied phrases, and an introductory essay on the proverbs of the world; and "Chinese Art Motives Interpreted," by Winifred Reed Tredwell, an illustrated book on the life that underlies Chinese art, illustrated with examples from well-known collections.

A loss to English poetry is reported from England in the death on Dec. 9 of Stephen Phillips,

known to theatre-goers as well as to readers for his successful "Paolo and Francesca," if for nothing else. Some fifteen poetic and dramatic compositions, however, besides his volume of poems that received the "Academy" one-hundred-pound prize in 1897, stand to his credit, among them being "Christ in Hades," which first arrested the attention of watchful critics, "Herod," "Ulysses," "The Sin of David," "Nero," "The Last Heir," "Pietro of Siena," "The King," "Iole," and "Panama and Other Poems," most of these being in dramatic form, and some of them tested as to their stage merits by actual presentation. Mr. Phillips was well qualified to write for the stage since he had, in his first and only term at Queen's College, Cambridge, cut loose from academic restraints and joined Mr. Frank Benson's company of players when it chanced to visit the town; and for six years he played various small parts with this company. His previous schooling had been at Stratford and Peterborough, his father, the Rev. Stephen Phillips, D.D., being Precentor of Peterborough Cathedral. To complete this reversed biography, he was born at Somertown, near Oxford, July 28, 1868, and was thus in the prime of life when death overtook him. Though his later books evidenced a sad decline in poetic power, the author of such works as "Paolo and Francesca" and "Marpessa" will long hold a secure place in the annals of English poetry.

The following appeal for a Tennyson Memorial appears in a recent issue of the London "Times," signed by several notable names: "The Committee of the Public Library at Lincoln are willing—and it is their own suggestion—to set apart a room to become the home for Tennyson Manuscripts, early and other editions of the poems, portraits, busts, personal relics, &c., somewhat in the same manner as has been done so successfully in the case of Wordsworth at Dove Cottage, Grasmere. It is believed that if it were known that such a centre was established, many admirers of Tennyson would be glad to send some gift which would increase the value of the collection and make it worthy of a visit by lovers and students of the poet from all parts of the Empire. This is no time to ask for money; and only very slight expenditure is contemplated. But it is a time to suggest that in his memory who wrote the Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, the Charge of the Light and Heavy Brigades, the Relief of Lucknow, The Revenge, and many other patriotic verses, lovers of Tennyson should be invited to give or lend some suitable contributions to a central Tennyson Museum in the capital town of his native county. Gifts will be received and acknowledged by the Librarian—Mr. A. R. Corns—Public Library, Lincoln; and it would be well that before sending gifts the committee should be consulted through him, for space is limited. We hope that many objects of first-rate interest and importance will be enshrined in what will, we believe, become in time a very notable Tennyson Collection. The proposal has the approval of Lord Tennyson, who has already sent a number of valuable loans."

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 120 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

## HOLIDAY GIFT-BOOKS.

- Beautiful Gardens in America.** By Louise Shelton. Illustrated in color, etc., large 8vo, 306 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5. net.
- Romance of Old Belgium:** From Cæsar to Kaiser. By Elizabeth W. Champney and Frère Champney. Illustrated, 8vo, 432 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.
- The Dream of Gerontius.** By John Henry Cardinal Newman; illustrated by Stella Langdale, with an introduction by Gordon Tidy. 8vo, 94 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.25 net.
- Our American Wonderlands.** By George Wharton James. Illustrated, 8vo, 297 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$2. net.
- The Flower Art of Japan.** By Mary Averill. Illustrated in color, etc., 8vo, 216 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.50 net.
- Wild Flowers of the North American Mountains.** By Julia W. Henshaw. Illustrated in color, 8vo, 383 pages. Robert M. McBride & Co. \$2.50 net.
- To Your Dog and to My Dog.** By Lincoln Newton Kinnicutt. Large 8vo, 148 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1. net.
- Every Day.** By Edgar Whitaker Work. 12mo, 366 pages. American Tract Society. \$1.25 net.
- "Speaking of Operations—"** By Irvin S. Cobb; illustrated by Tony Sarg. 12mo, 64 pages. George H. Doran Co. 50 cts. net.
- A Song Old and New.** By Judson Swift. 16mo, 4 pages. American Tract Society. Paper, 15 cts. net.

## BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

- Black Beauty.** By Anna Sewall; illustrated in color, etc., by Lucy Kemp-Welch. 8vo, 226 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50 net.
- More Tales from the Arabian Nights.** Selected, edited, and arranged by Frances Jenkins Olcott; illustrated in color by Willy Pogany. 12mo, 274 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25 net.
- The American Boys' Book of Bugs, Butterflies, and Beetles.** By Dan Beard. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 309 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2. net.
- The Boy Collector's Handbook.** By Alpheus Hyatt Verrill. Illustrated, 8vo, 290 pages. Robert M. McBride & Co. \$1.50 net.
- Brave Deeds of Union Soldiers.** By Samuel Scoville, Jr. Illustrated, 8vo, 397 pages. George W. Jacobs & Co. \$1.50 net.
- Nancy Lee's Lookout.** By Margaret Warde. Illustrated, 12mo, 341 pages. Penn Publishing Co. \$1.25 net.
- Ross Grant, Tenderfoot.** By John Garland. Illustrated, 12mo, 384 pages. Penn Publishing Co. \$1.25 net.
- Joyful Stars: Indian Stories for Camp Fire Girls.** By Emelyn Newcomb Partridge. Illustrated, 12mo, 199 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. \$1.25 net.
- The Boy Scouts in a Trapper's Camp.** By Thornton W. Burgess. Illustrated, 12mo, 362 pages. Penn Publishing Co. \$1. net.
- Byliny Book: Hero Tales of Russia.** Told from the Russian by Marion Chilton Harrison. Illustrated, 8vo, 70 pages. Cambridge: W. Heffer & Sons, Ltd.
- A Little Princess of the Stars and Stripes.** By Aileen Cleveland Higgins. Illustrated, 12mo, 320 pages. Penn Publishing Co. \$1. net.
- The Camp by Copper River.** By Henry S. Spalding, S.J. Illustrated, 12mo, 192 pages. Benziger Brothers. 85 cts. net.
- On the Borders with Andrew Jackson.** By John T. McIntyre. Illustrated, 12mo, 200 pages. Penn Publishing Co. 75 cts. net.

## BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

- The Life of Lord Strathearn and Mount Royal.** By Beckles Willson. In 2 volumes, illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$6.50 net.
- Michelangelo.** By Romain Rolland; translated by Frederick Street. Illustrated, large 8vo, 189 pages. Duffield & Co. \$2.50 net.
- Wall Street and the Wilds.** By A. W. Dimock. Illustrated, large 8vo, 476 pages. Outing Publishing Co. \$3. net.

**Three Score and Ten: A Book for the Aged.** By Amelia E. Barr. 12mo, 327 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50 net.

#### GENERAL LITERATURE.

**Six French Poets: Studies in Contemporary Literature.** By Amy Lowell. With portraits, 8vo, 488 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2.50 net.

**America's Coming-of-Age.** By Van Wyck Brooks. 12mo, 183 pages. B. W. Huebsch. \$1. net.

**Latin Satirical Writing Subsequent to Juvenal.** By Arthur H. Weston. 8vo, 163 pages. Lancaster, Pa.: New Era Printing Co. Paper.

**The Universe as Pictured in Milton's Paradise Lost: An Illustrated Study for Personal and Class Use.** By William Fairfield Warren. 8vo, 80 pages. The Abingdon Press. 75 cts. net.

#### VERSE AND DRAMA.

**The Immigrants: A Lyric Drama.** By Percy Mackaye; with introduction by Frederic C. Howe. 12mo, 138 pages. B. W. Huebsch. \$1. net.

**Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1915, and Year Book of American Poetry.** Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. 8vo, 295 pages. Gomme & Marshall. \$1.50 net.

**Plays for Small Stages.** By Mary Aldis. With frontispiece, 12mo, 105 pages. Duffield & Co. \$1.25 net.

**Italy in Arms, and Other Poems.** By Clinton Scollard. 12mo, 70 pages. New York: Gomme & Marshall. 75 cts. net.

**The Poets' Lincoln: Tributes in Verse to the Martyred President.** Selected by Osborn H. Oldroyd. Illustrated, 12mo, 261 pages. Washington: Published by the editor. \$1. net.

**Songs of Brittany.** By Théodore Botrel; translated from the French, with an introduction by Anatole Le Bras. 12mo, 95 pages. Richard G. Badger. \$1. net.

**The Jew to Jesus, and Other Poems.** By Florence Kiper Frank. 12mo, 90 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1. net.

**The Wings of Song.** By Harold Hersey. 16mo, 40 pages. Washington: The Library Press.

**The Sea Wind: A Book of Verse.** By William Colburn Huatled. 12mo, 57 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1. net.

**Little John Bull, and Other Poems.** By Daisy McLeod Wright. 12mo, 60 pages. The Gorham Press. 75 cts. net.

**To One from Arcady, and Other Poems.** By Theodore L. Fitz Simons. With frontispiece, 12mo, 55 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1. net.

**Criminals: A One-Act Play about Marriage.** By George Middleton. 12mo, 43 pages. B. W. Huebsch. 50 cts. net.

**Zeitkinder: A Play to Be Read.** By Henry Jones Mulford. 12mo, 107 pages. Buffalo: Privately Printed.

#### NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

**Loeb Classical Library.** New volumes: Pliny's Letters, with an English translation by William Melmoth, revised by W. M. L. Hutchinson. In 2 volumes; The Odes of Pindar, including the principal fragments, with an English translation by John Sandys, Litt.D.; Lucian, with an English translation by A. M. Harmon, Volume II: Apuleius's The Golden Ass, being the Metamorphoses of Lucius Apuleius, with an English translation by W. Adlington (1566), revised by S. Gaselee. Each with frontispiece, 12mo. Macmillan Co. Per volume, \$1.50 net.

**The Georgics and Eclogues of Virgil.** Translated into English verse by Theodore Chickering Williams; with introduction by George Herbert Palmer. 12mo, 166 pages. Harvard University Press. \$1. net.

#### FICTION.

**The Glory and the Dream.** By Anna Preston. 12mo, 244 pages. B. W. Huebsch. \$1.25 net.

**Tales by Polish Authors.** Translated by Elise C. M. Benecke. 12mo, 198 pages. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

**Sadie Love.** By Avery Hopwood. Illustrated, 12mo, 300 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.25 net.

**Clouded Amber.** By Patience Warren. 12mo, 364 pages. Richard G. Badger. \$1.35 net.

**Margaret Ives.** By Eli Barber. 12mo, 381 pages. The Gorham Press. \$1.35 net.

#### TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

**Travels in Alaska.** By John Muir. Illustrated, 8vo, 327 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.50 net.

**India and Its Faiths: A Traveler's Record.** By James Bissett Pratt, Ph.D. Illustrated, 8vo, 483 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$4. net.

**A Rambler's Recollections and Reflections.** By Alfred Capper. Illustrated, 8vo, 330 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons.

#### PUBLIC AFFAIRS.—POLITICS, SOCIOLOGY, AND ECONOMICS.

**Ireland: Vital Hour.** By Arthur Lynch, M.P. With photogravure portrait, large 8vo, 388 pages. John C. Winston Co. \$2.50 net.

**The Crowd in Peace and War.** By Martin Conway. 8vo, 332 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.75 net.

**Comparative Free Government.** By Jesse Macy and John W. Gannaway. 8vo, 754 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2.25 net.

**Government and Politics of the German Empire.** By Fritz-Konrad Krüger. With portrait, 12mo, 340 pages. World Book Co.

#### BOOKS ABOUT THE GREAT WAR.

**The Ballet of the Nations: A Present-Day Morality.** By Vernon Lee; with pictorial commentary by Maxwell Armfield. 4to. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.

**Colours of War.** By Robert Crozier Long. 12mo, 306 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

**War Pictures behind the Lines.** By Ian Malcolm, M.P. Illustrated, 12mo, 226 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2. net.

**How Diplomats Make War.** By a British Statesman; with introduction by Albert Jay Nock. 12mo, 376 pages. B. W. Huebsch. \$1.50 net.

**Fighting France: From Dunkerque to Belfort.** By Edith Wharton. Illustrated, 12mo, 238 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1. net.

**Church and Nation.** By William Temple. 12mo, 204 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1. net.

**The A-B-C of National Defense.** By J. W. Muller. 12mo, 215 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1. net.

**The Great Sacrifice; or, The Altar-Fire of War.** By John Adams, B.D. 12mo, 135 pages. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Paper.

**The Protection of Neutral Rights at Sea: Documents on the Naval Warfare.** With introduction by William R. Shepherd. 12mo, 129 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. Paper.

#### ART, ARCHITECTURE, AND MUSIC.

**Buddhist Art in Its Relation to Buddhist Ideals: With Special Reference to Buddhism in Japan.** By M. Anesaki, Litt.D. Illustrated in color, etc. 4to. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$6. net.

**Medieval Church Vaulting.** By Clarence Ward. Illustrated, large 8vo, 192 pages. "Princeton Monographs in Art and Archaeology." Princeton University Press. \$4. net.

**The Opera Book.** By Edith B. Ordway. Illustrated, 8vo, 562 pages. Sully & Kleinteich. \$2.50 net.

**Four Tone Pastels for the Piano.** By Arthur Bergh. 4to, 15 pages. Oliver Ditson Co. Paper.

**The Half-Dollar Music Series.** Comprising: Forty Favorite Airs in Easy Piano Arrangements; Forty First Year Piano Pieces; Thirty Second Year Piano Pieces; Twenty Third Year Piano Pieces. Each 4to. Oliver Ditson Co. Paper, 50 cts. net.

#### SCIENCE AND ARCHEOLOGY.

**Glimpses of the Cosmos.** By Lester F. Ward. Volume IV, Period 1885-1893. Large 8vo, 358 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.

**Men of the Old Stone Age: Their Environment, Life, and Art.** By Henry Fairfield Osborn. Illustrated, large 8vo, 545 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5. net.

**The Diamond: A Study in Chinese and Hellenistic Folk-Lore.** By Berthold Laufer. 8vo, 75 pages. Chicago: Field Museum of Natural History. Paper.

**An Introduction to the Study of the Maya Hieroglyphs.** By Sylvanus Griswold Morley. Illustrated, 8vo, 284 pages. Washington: Government Printing Office.

**New Mammals from Brazil and Peru.** By Wilfred H. Osgood. 8vo. Chicago: Field Museum of Natural History. Paper.



## PHILOSOPHY AND ETHICS.

**The Freudian Wish and Its Place in Ethics.** By Edwin B. Holt. 12mo, 212 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25 net.

**Edward Carpenter: An Exposition and an Appreciation.** By Edward Lewis. With photographic portrait, 12mo, 314 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.

**The Issues of Life.** By Elwood Worcester. 12mo, 237 pages. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1.50 net.

**Friendship, Love, and Marriage.** By Edward Howard Griggs. 16mo, 74 pages. "Art of Life Series." B. W. Huebsch. 50 cts. net.

## RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

**The Old Testament in the Light of To-day: A Study in Moral Development.** By William Frederic Badé. 8vo, 326 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.75 net.

**The Unfolding Universe.** By Edgar L. Heermance. 12mo, 463 pages. The Pilgrim Press. \$1.50 net.

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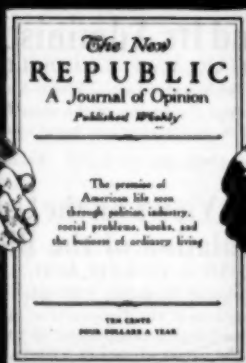
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